

NO. 35
MAY

The **KILROYS**

KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

HEY, DIDJA EVER SEE
SUCH A JERKY-
LOOKIN' MUTT?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



Act
Now

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

WE ARE
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.**



PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



WE ARE
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube or shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.**



57th
Year

Act
Now

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN



57th
Year

Boys - Girls: Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

**WILSON CHEM. CO.,
Dept. T-27,
TYRONE, PA.**

Act
Now
Our
57th
Year

No
Money
Now

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

Act
Now

OUR 57th YEAR



Footballs, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH



Our 57th Year

Act Now

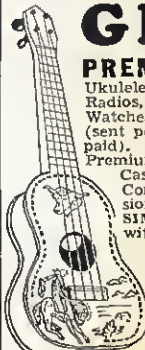
Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,
Radios,
Watches
(sent postage
paid). Other
Premiums or
Cash

Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today.

Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.



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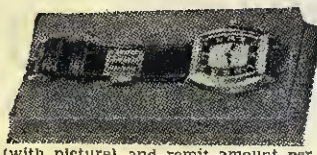
OUR
57th
YEAR

Act
Now

MAIL COUPON NOW

GIVEN-PREMIUMS-CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.**



MAIL COUPON TODAY

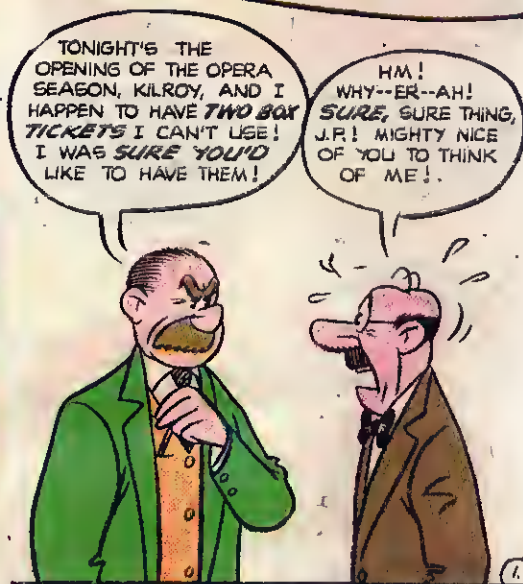
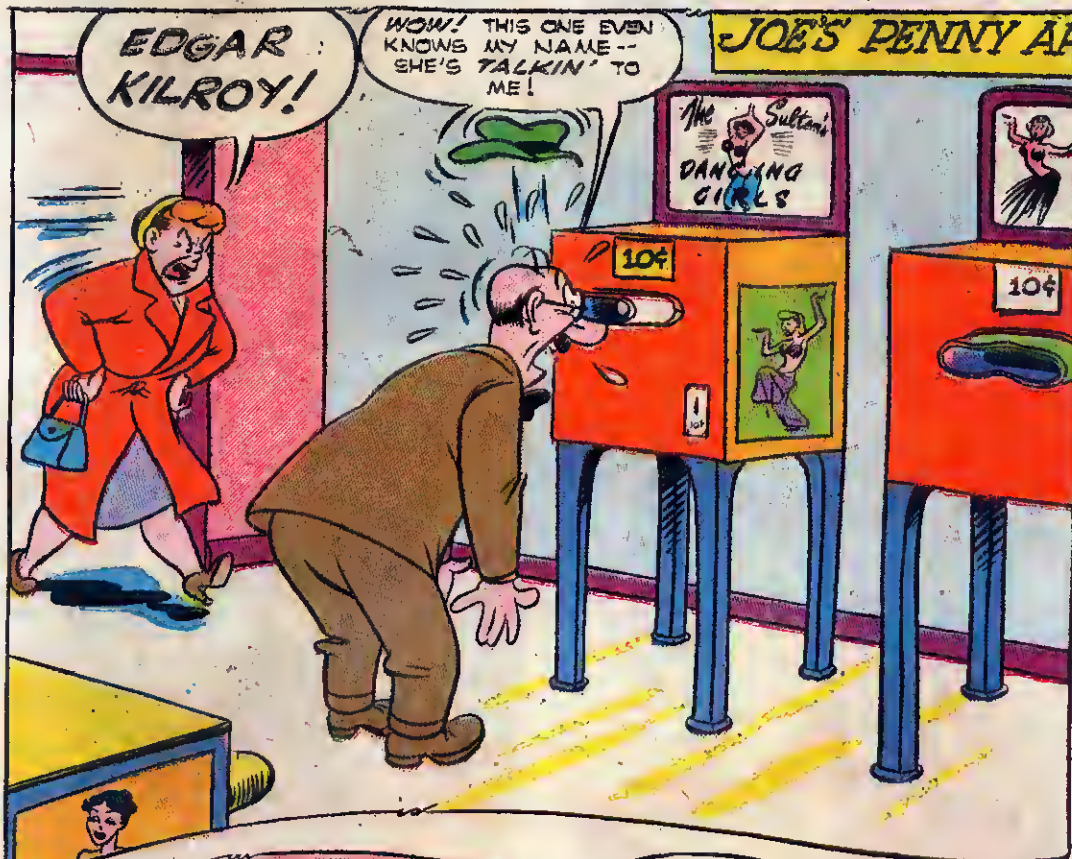
Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....
St. RD..... Box.....
Town..... Zone.....
Print LAST Name Here..... No..... State.....

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

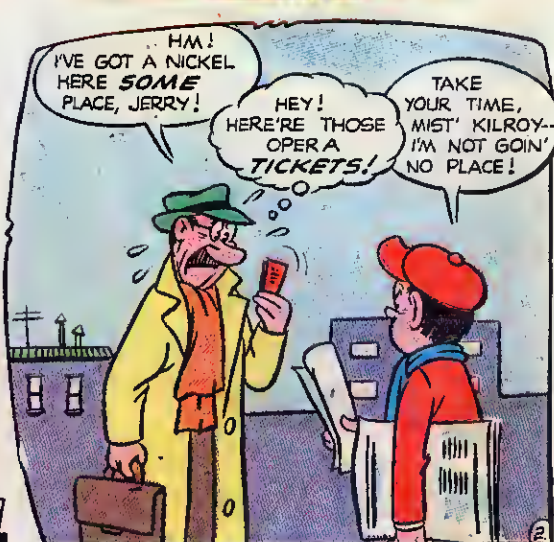
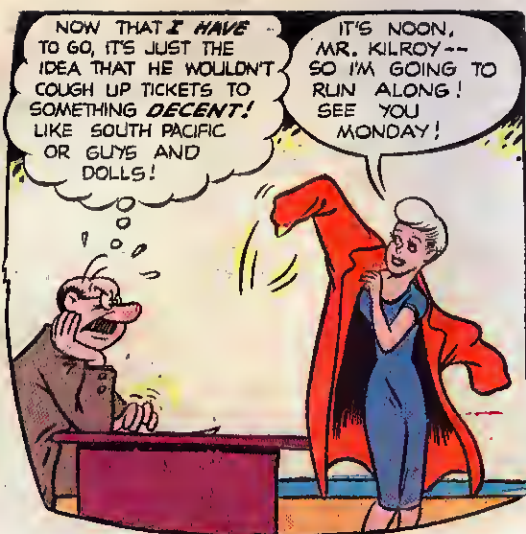
The KILROYS

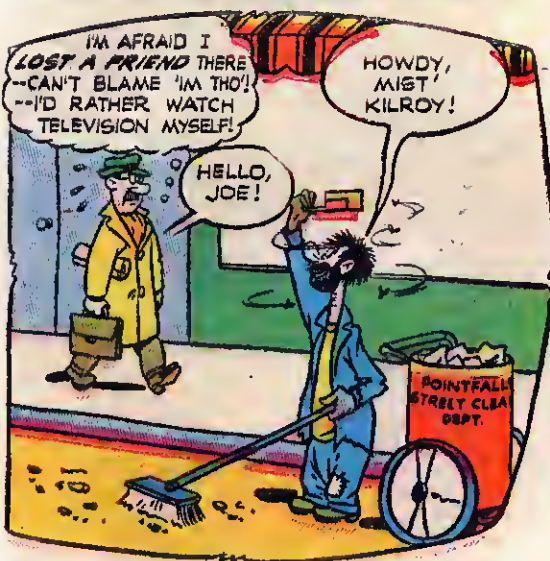
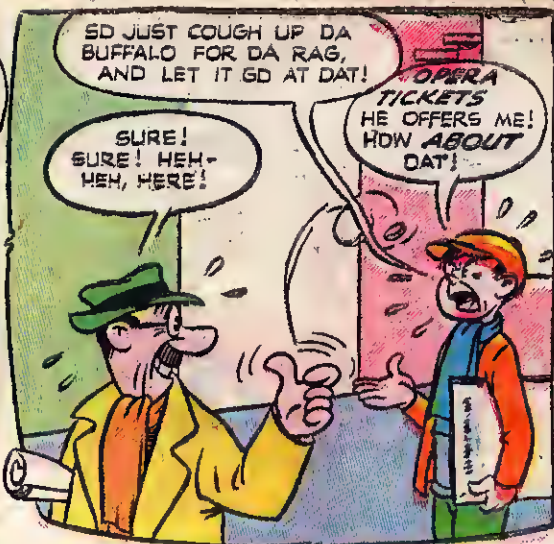
"THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW-OFF BUSINESS!"



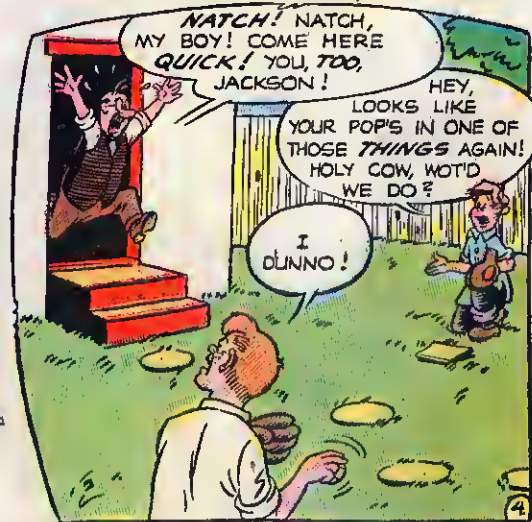
THE KILROYS, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1952, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. No. 35, April-May, 1952. misterjoel, scanner.

Printed in U.S.A.





SO SOMETIME LATER AT THE KILROYS...



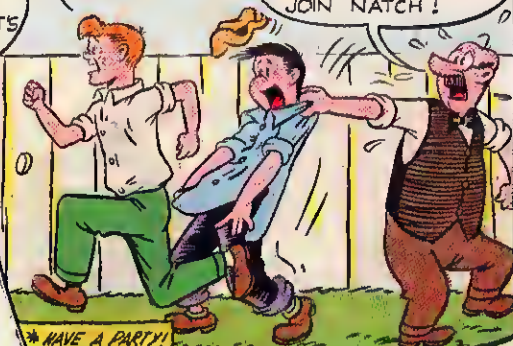
NATCH! JACKSON! *LISTEN!*
I GAVE TWO OPERA TICKETS AWAY
TO JOE, THE STREET CLEANER--AND
I'VE **GOT TO GET THEM BACK!**
IF YOU BOYS FIND HIM AND GET
THEM BACK FOR ME, I'LL GIVE
YOU **FIVE BUCKS!**

FIVE
BUCKS? HOLY
COW! THAT'S A
LOTTA **LOOT!**
C'MON, NATCH--LET'S
GET WITH IT!



MAN! YOU AREN'T
JUST **KIDDIN'!** WE CAN
REALLY COOK UP A STORM
WITH **THAT** MUCH
GOLO!

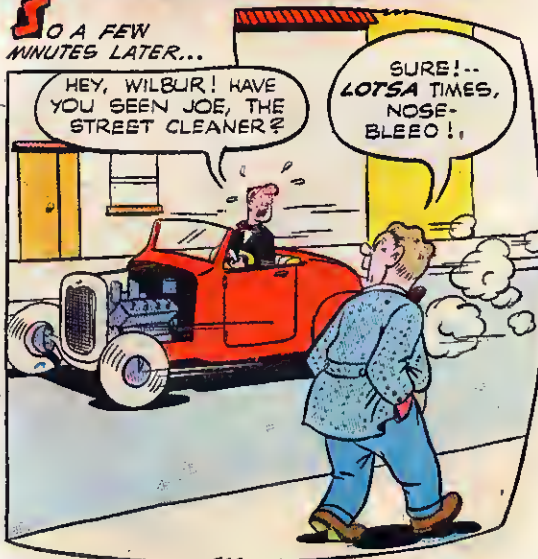
WAIT, JACKSON! LET
NATCH LOOK FOR JOE--
I WANT **YOU** TO PICK
UP TWO OTHER TICKETS
AT THE NEOPOLITAN OPERA
HOUSE--THEN YOU CAN
JOIN NATCH!



SO A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

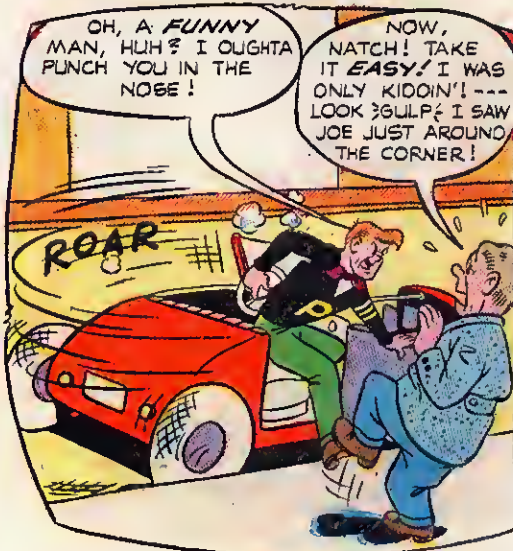
HEY, WILBUR! HAVE
YOU SEEN JOE, THE
STREET CLEANER?

SURE!--
LOTS OF TIMES,
NOSE-
BLEED!



OH, A **FUNNY**
MAN, HUH? I OUGHTA
PUNCH YOU IN THE
NOSE!

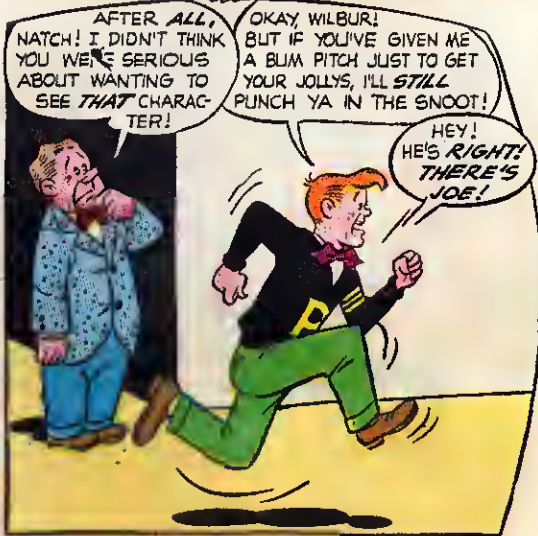
NOW,
NATCH! TAKE
IT **EASY!** I WAS
ONLY KIDDIN'! ---
LOOK **GULP!** I SAW
JOE JUST AROUND
THE CORNER!



AFTER **ALL**,
NATCH! I DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE SERIOUS
ABOUT WANTING TO
SEE **THAT** CHAR-
ACTER!

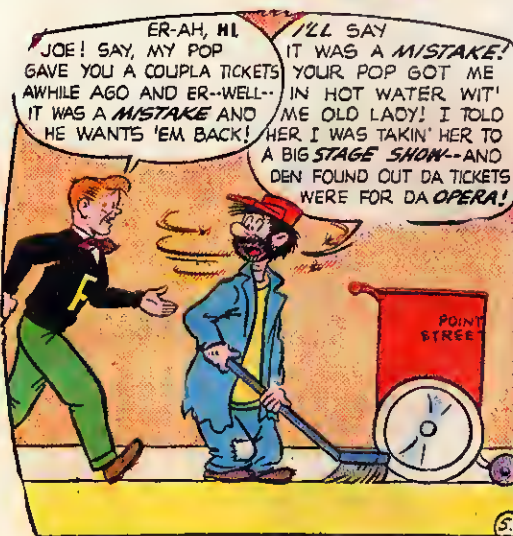
OKAY, WILBUR!
BUT IF YOU'VE GIVEN ME
A BUM PITCH JUST TO GET
YOUR JOLLYS, I'LL **STILL**
PUNCH YA IN THE SNOOT!

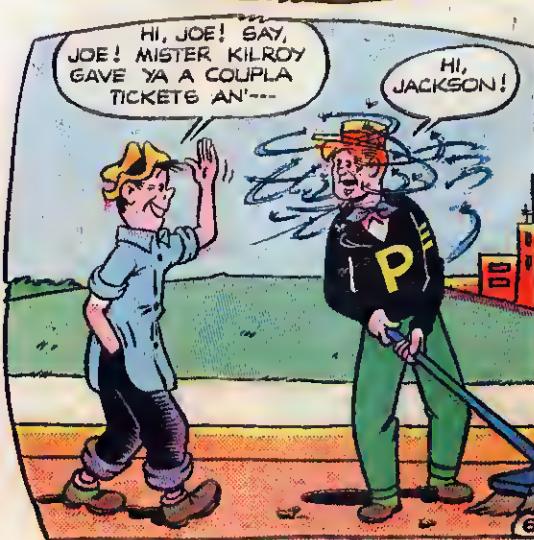
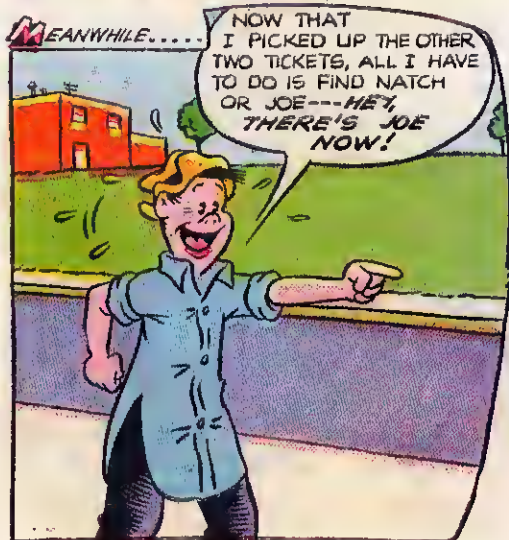
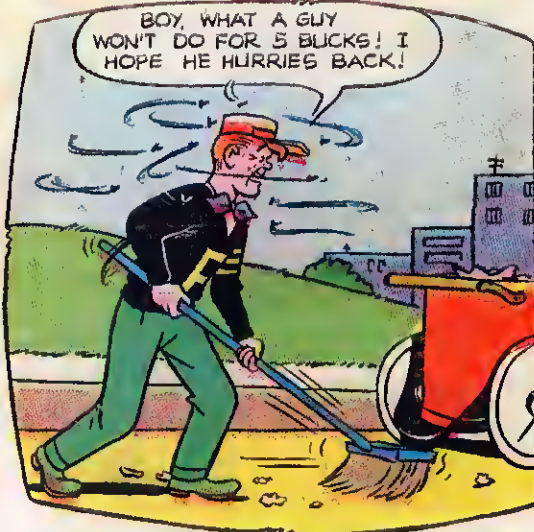
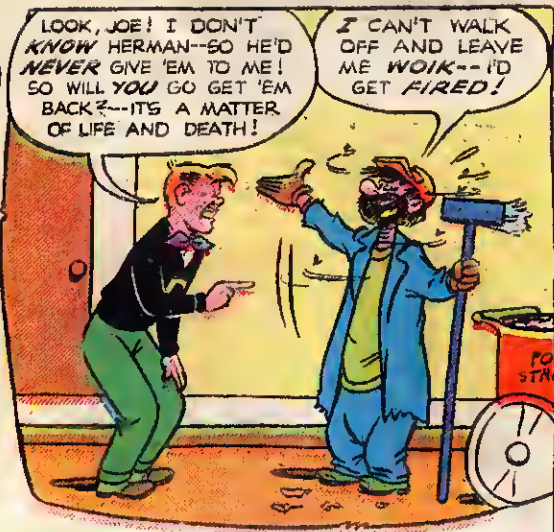
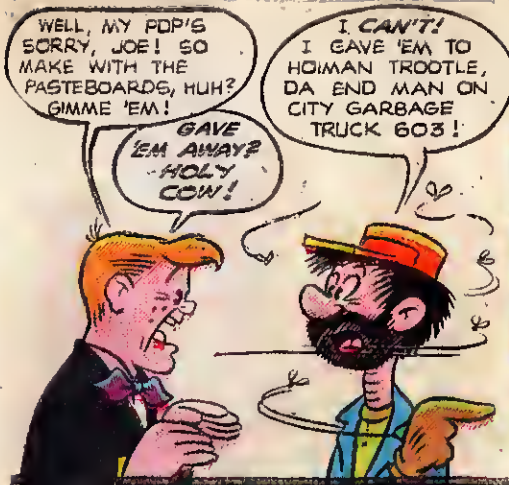
HEY!
HE'S **RIGHT!**
THERE'S
JOE!

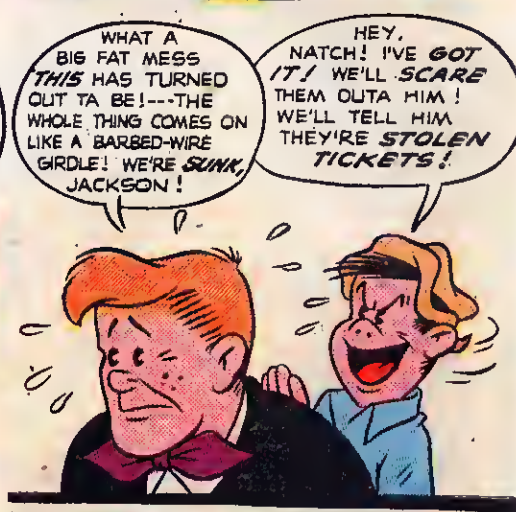
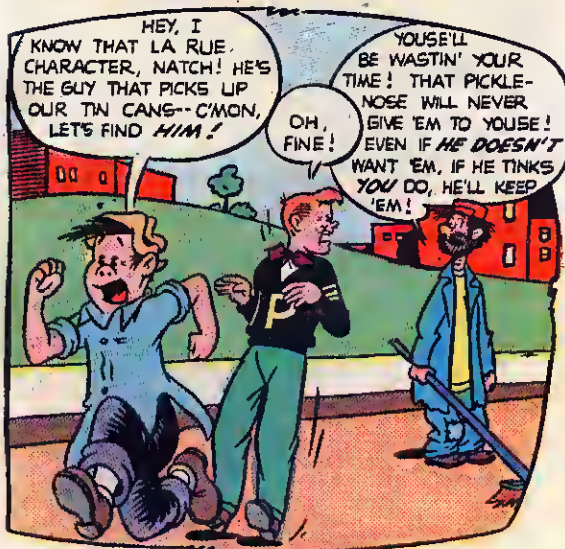
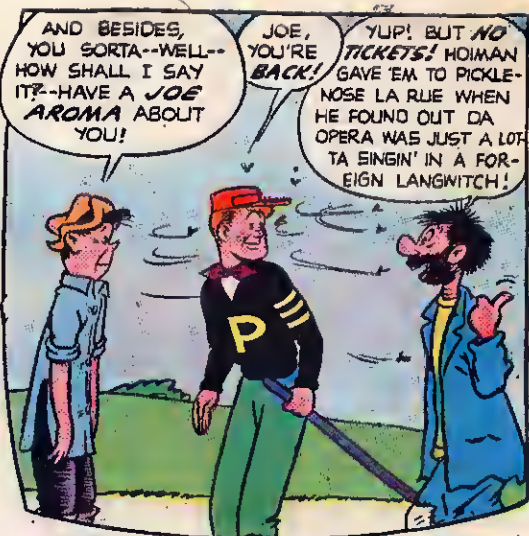
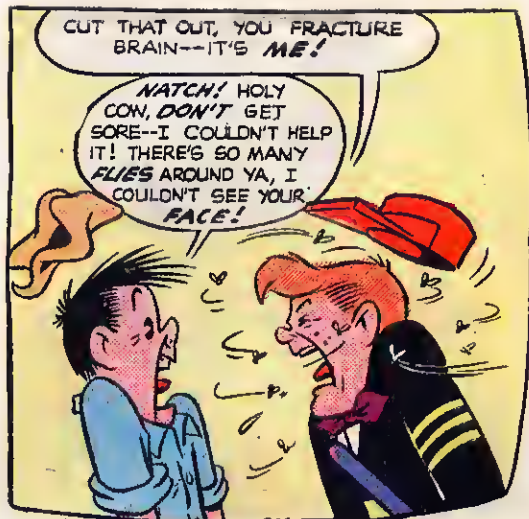


ER-AH, MI
JOE! SAY, MY POP
GAVE YOU A COUPLA TICKETS
AWHILE AGO AND ER--WELL--
IT WAS A **MISTAKE** AND
HE WANTS 'EM BACK!

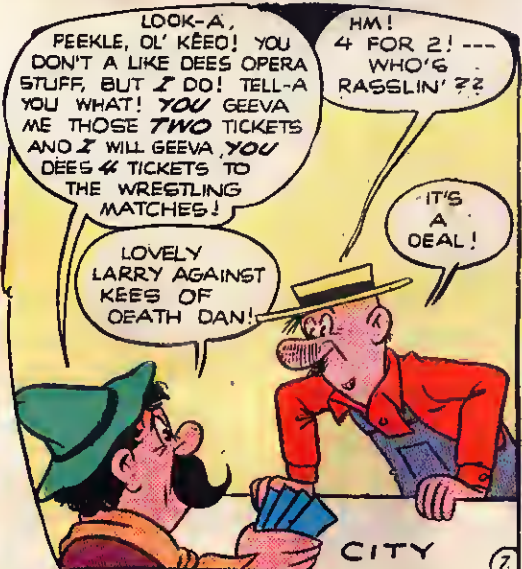
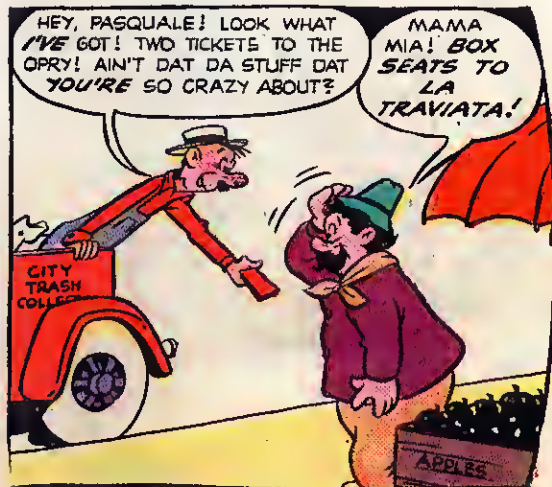
I'LL SAY
IT WAS A **MISTAKE!**
YOUR POP GOT ME
IN HOT WATER WIT'
ME OLD LADY! I TOLD
HER I WAS TAKIN' HER TO
A **BIG STAGE SHOW--**AND
DEN FOUND OUT DA TICKETS
WERE FOR DA **OPERA!**

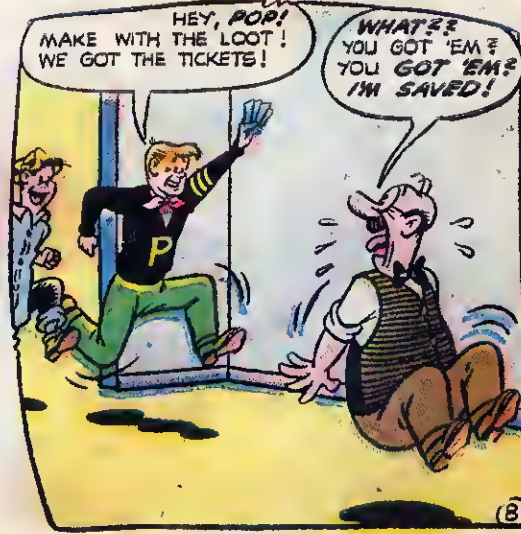
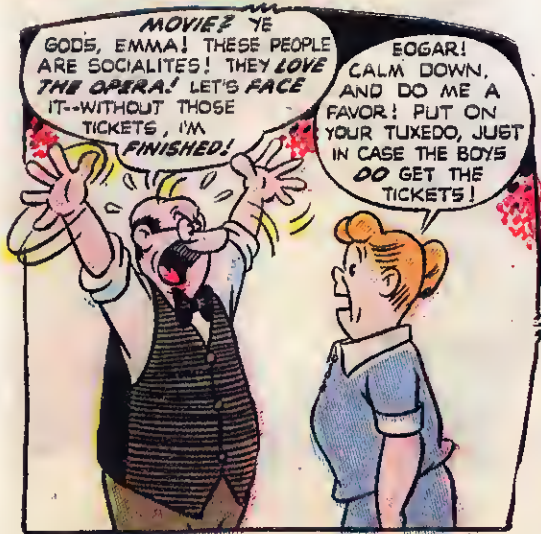
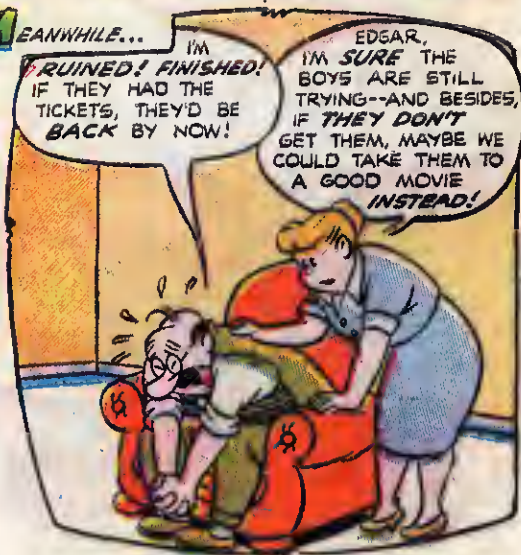
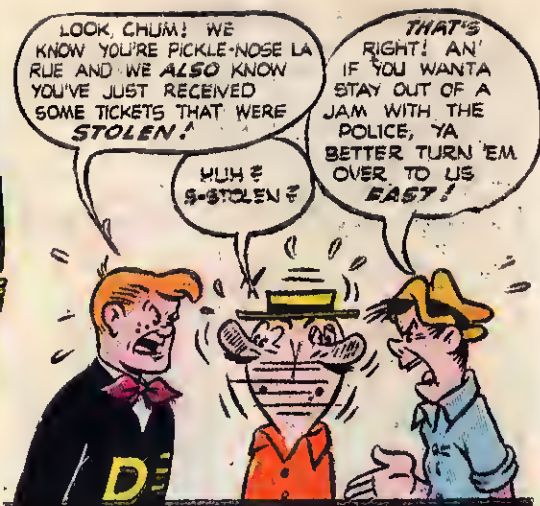
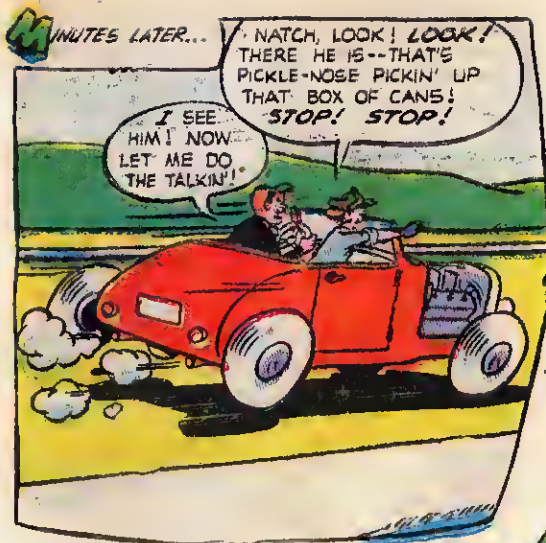




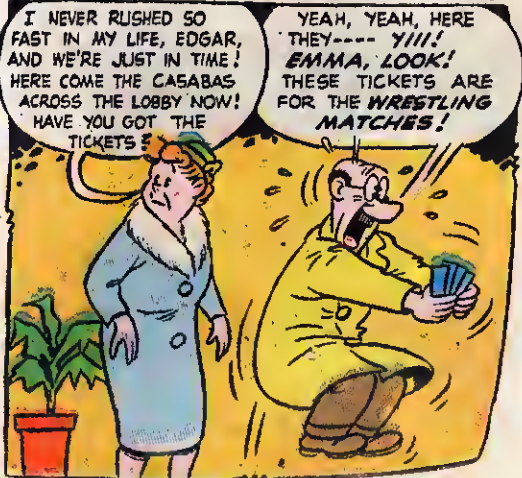


MEANWHILE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PICKLE-NOSE LA RUE.....





SO LATER, AT THE LOBBY IN THE HOTEL PLUTONIUM...



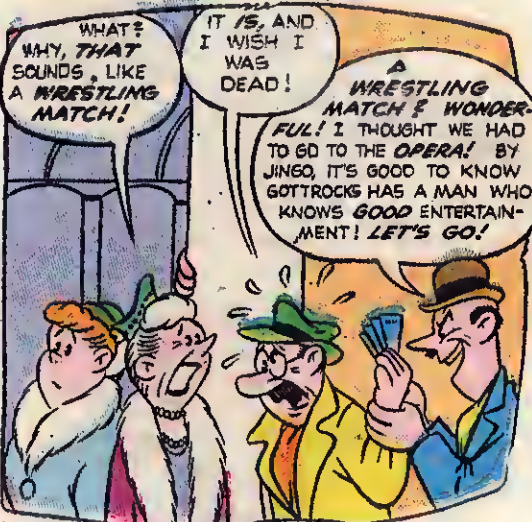
I NEVER RUSHED SO FAST IN MY LIFE, EDGAR, AND WE'RE JUST IN TIME! HERE COME THE CASABAS ACROSS THE LOBBY NOW! HAVE YOU GOT THE TICKETS?

YEAH, YEAH, HERE THEY---- YIII! EMMA, LOOK! THESE TICKETS ARE FOR THE WRESTLING MATCHES!



WELL, WELL! GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISTER AND MRS. KILROY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU, ED, SINCE LAST YEAR! ALL READY TO GO TO THE OPERA, I SEE! WHAT IS IT TONIGHT, LA TRAVIATA?

NO! LOVELY LARRY VERSUS KISS OF DEATH DAN!



WHAT? WHY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A WRESTLING MATCH!

IT IS, AND I WISH I WAS DEAD!

A WRESTLING MATCH? WONDERFUL! I THOUGHT WE HAD TO GO TO THE OPERA! BY JINGO, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW GOTTRUCKS HAS A MAN WHO KNOWS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT! LET'S GO!



KILL HIM, DAN! BREAK HIS LEG-- DON'T YOU JUST LOVE THESE THINGS, MR. KILROY?

ADORE THEM! BITE! BITE! HE'S BITING YOU!

KILROY! I'M SIGNING THAT DEAL WITH YOU PEOPLE! KNOWING THAT YOU'RE IN GOTTRUCKS' OUTFIT GIVES ME CONFIDENCE! OPERA, BAN!

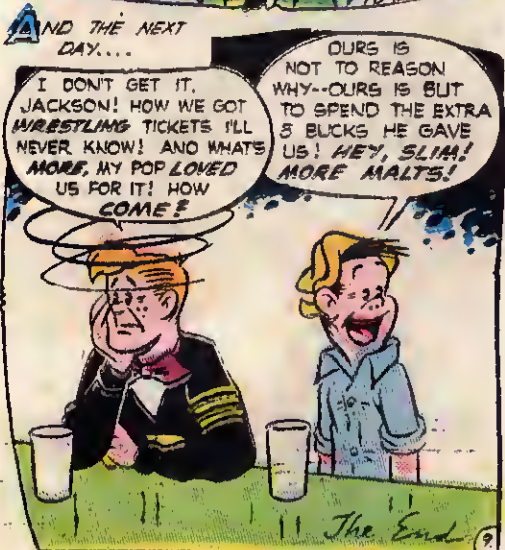


AND AT THE OPERA...

MARIA! EETS WONDERFUL, NO?--MORE POP-CORN, PLEASE!

POP-CORN IS ALL-A-GONE! EAT ANOTHER BANANA!

I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT THEY HAD TICKETS TO THE BOX, SO THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO BE THERE!



AND THE NEXT DAY...

I DON'T GET IT, JACKSON! HOW WE GOT WRESTLING TICKETS I'LL NEVER KNOW! AND WHAT'S MORE, MY POP LOVED US FOR IT! HOW COME?

OURS IS NOT TO REASON WHY--OURS IS BUT TO SPEND THE EXTRA 3 BUCKS HE GAVE US! HEY, SLIM! MORE MALTS!

The End

Advice TO THE Lovelorn...EDITOR! EDITOR!

HAVING JUST PASSED her fifteenth birthday, Jill was in the throes of deep anxiety. "I've got to make up my mind," she thought, "about marrying Joe!" Joe had been Jill's boy friend all through high school and now that she was practically an adult, she felt that she ought to start facing life!

"It's no use talking about it to mother or dad," she reflected. "They just laugh and say there'll be time enough to worry when I'm older! They just don't understand that I *am* grown up! But I've got to talk it over with someone...someone who's experienced..."

Whipping a cute beret on her curls, Jill ran out of the house, remembering her adult status when she was almost down the block, and slowing her run to a sedate walk. "Why didn't I think of her before?" she wondered. "Miss Winslow. The one who writes the love advice column in the paper! I'll bet she won't laugh at me!"

In the newspaper office, Jill hesitated. It seemed rather forward to ask for someone you didn't know, in order to tell her your most intimate secrets. But then she thought that Miss Winslow was, in a way, like a doctor who specialized in ailing loves. And with that to give her courage, she asked to be directed to Miss Winslow's office.

"Down the hall and the first to the right," a gentleman in a green eyeshade and shirtsleeves paused long enough to say, before resuming his rapid typing.

Jill's "thank you" was lost in the clatter of the newspaper office. Following directions, she came to a frosted glass door that had Miss Winslow's name on it and knocked timidly. No answer. Jill tried the doorknob. The door was open and there, in the office, was a girl crying her eyes out! And her heart, to judge by the sobs

that made her shoulders heave.

"Gosh!" Jill's exclamation brought the weeping girl's head up. She was very pretty, except for her swollen eyes. "Gosh!" Jill said again. "Can I do something to help?"

"No one can help me!" the pretty girl sobbed. "Carl and I have just broken our engagement over the silliest quarrel and I'll never...see him again! And it was *my* fault!" Again the tears poured from her eyes.

"Well, if it was your fault, why don't you just tell him so?" Jill asked bluntly. "What's his phone number?" The crying girl pointed helplessly to a list of phone numbers on the desk. The one after "Carl" seemed to be correct, so Jill simply dialled it.

"Hello?" Jill heard a deep voice at the other end. "If you're Carl, I want to tell you that your girl friend's bawling her head off! She's heartbroken and says it was all her fault!" A few seconds later, Jill hung up and said, "He says he'll be right over!"

The tears stopped. The pretty girl smiled like sunshine after a storm. "You angel! You darling!" she said, kissing Jill rapturously. "Whatever made you come in here, anyhow? You certainly are lucky for me!"

"Well, I did want to see Miss Winslow, the editor of the love column," Jill began, "but I guess I have the wrong..."

"But I'm Miss Winslow!" the pretty girl said. "Can I help you?"

"No, thanks," Jill answered, smiling. "I just wanted to tell you your column's swell! I don't need any help!" For Jill had just learned that when a grownup girl like Miss Winslow couldn't solve a simple problem, there must be more to love than she had thought.

"I'd better wait until I'm old enough!" she decided.

Natch

in

"FAIR EXCHANGE!"

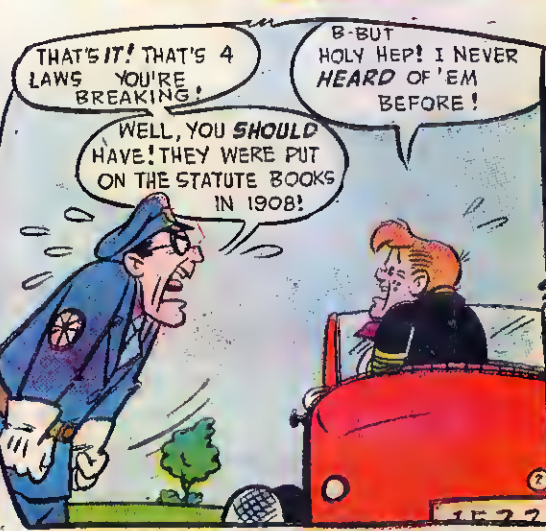
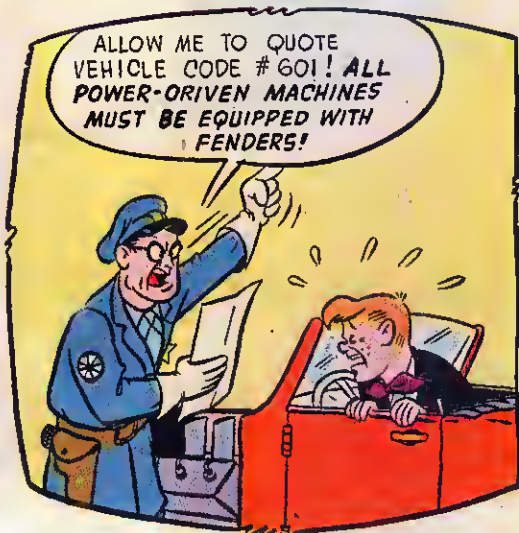
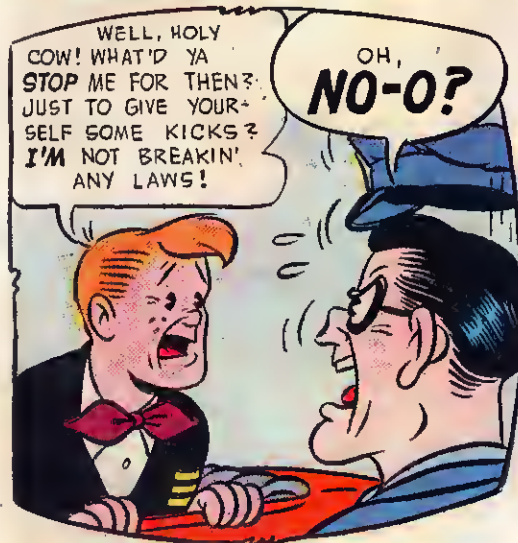
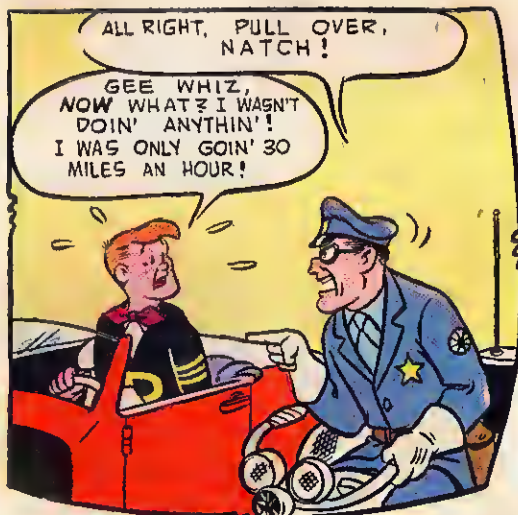
OFFICER FARRELL,
WHAT'S THE NEXT
OFFENDER'S NAME--AND
WHAT'S THE
CHARGE?

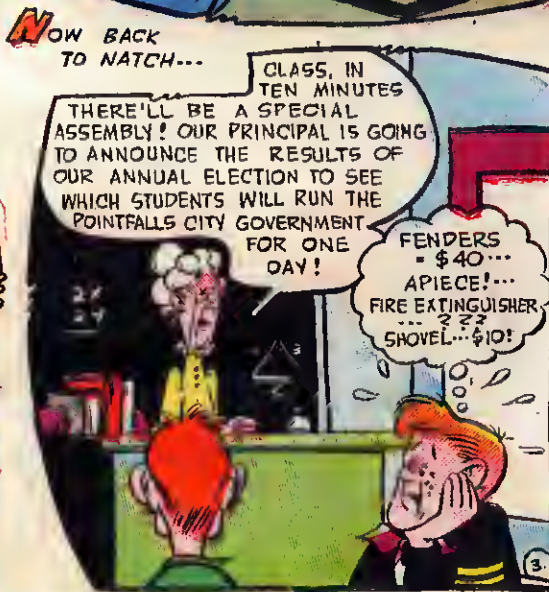
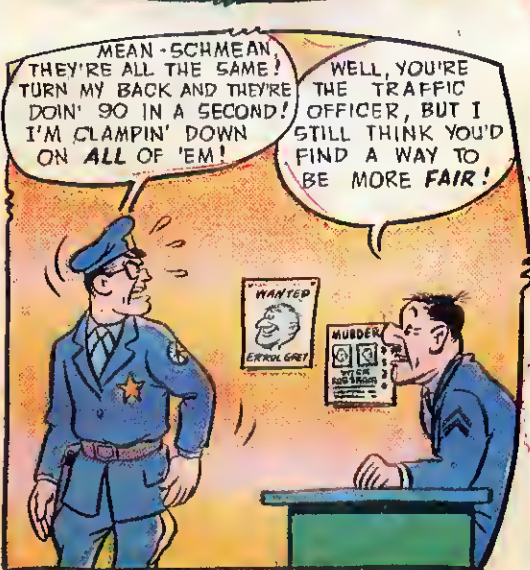
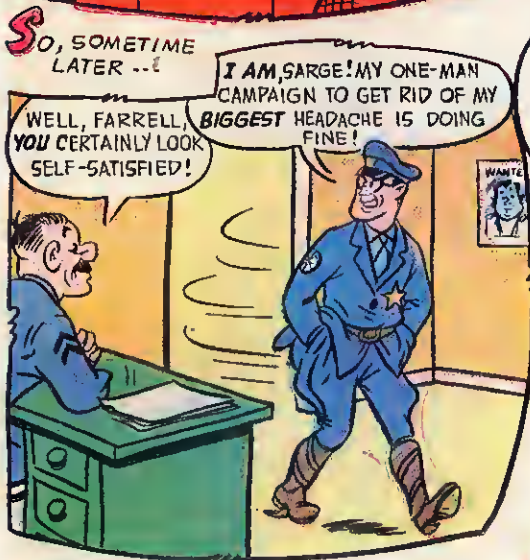
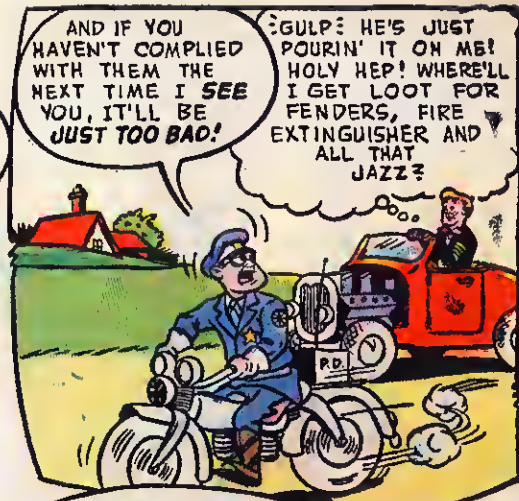
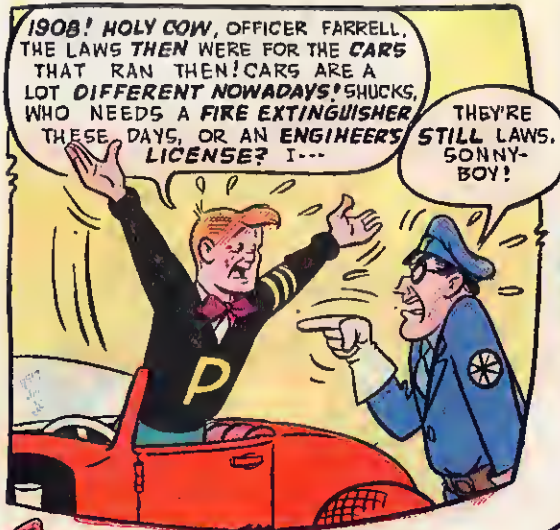
IT'S NATCH KILROY,
JUDGE, AND THE
CHARGE IS DEPRIVING
A CITIZEN, ONE
OFFICER FARRELL,
OF A JOB!--- HE
REFUSES TO SPEED
ANYMORE!

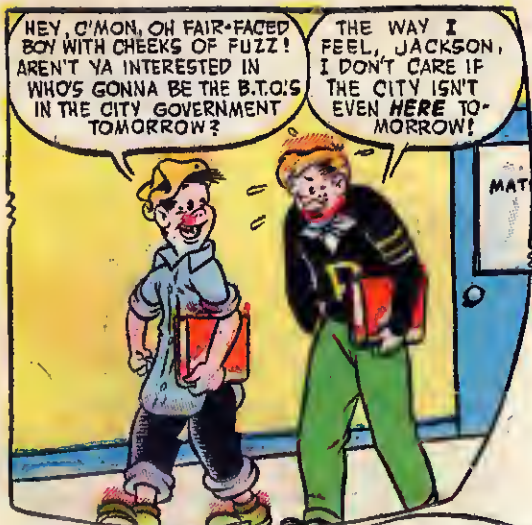
IF THEY MADE ME A KING,
I'D STILL BE A SLAVE
TO-OO YOO-OO! IF I
HAD EVERYTHING, I'D

AH-H-Oooooo

OFFICER
FARRELL!

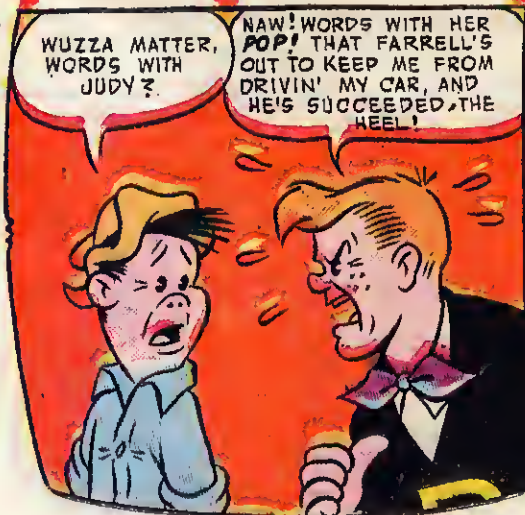






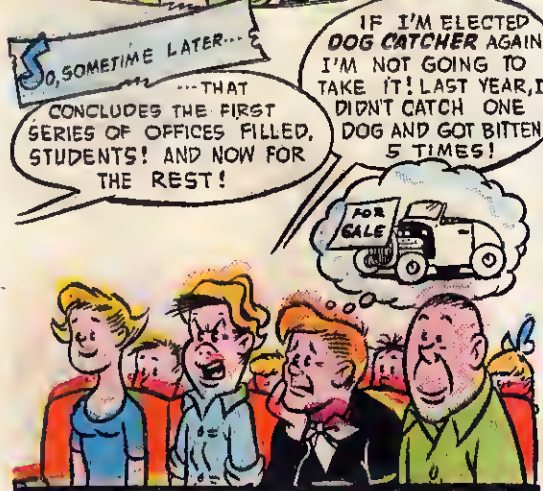
HEY, O'MON, OH FAIR-FACED BOY WITH CHEEKS OF FUZZ! AREN'T YA INTERESTED IN WHO'S GONNA BE THE B.T.O.'S IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT TOMORROW?

THE WAY I FEEL, JACKSON, I DON'T CARE IF THE CITY ISN'T EVEN **HERE** TO-MORROW!



WUZZA MATTER, WORDS WITH JUDY?

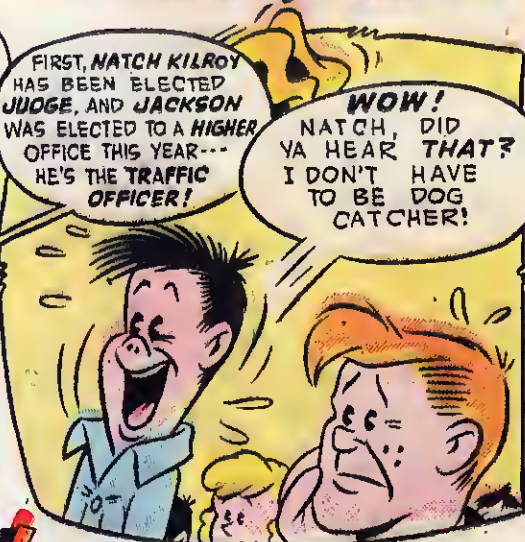
NAW! WORDS WITH HER **POP!** THAT FARRELL'S OUT TO KEEP ME FROM DRIVIN' MY CAR, AND HE'S SUCCEEDED, THE HEEL!



SO, SOMETIME LATER...

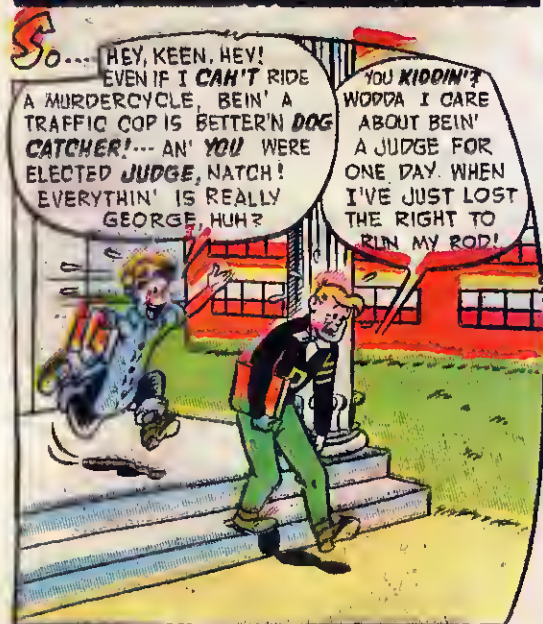
...THAT CONCLUDES THE FIRST SERIES OF OFFICES FILLED, STUDENTS! AND NOW FOR THE REST!

IF I'M ELECTED **DOG CATCHER** AGAIN, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT! LAST YEAR, I DIDN'T CATCH ONE **DOG** AND GOT BITTEN 5 TIMES!



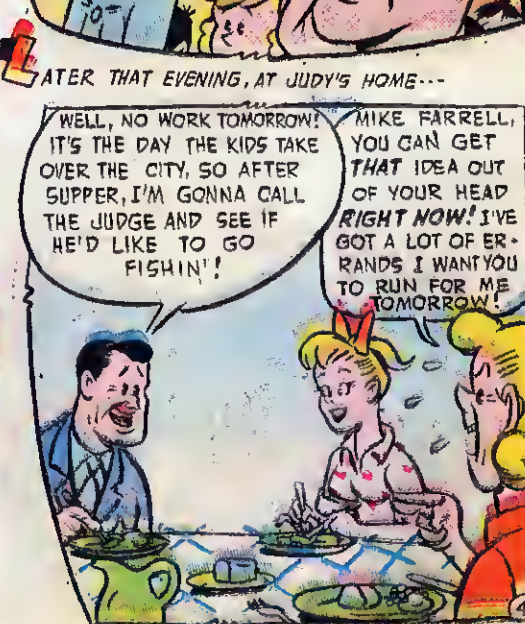
FIRST, **NATCH KILROY** HAS BEEN ELECTED **JUDGE**, AND **JACKSON** WAS ELECTED TO A **HIGHER** OFFICE THIS YEAR... HE'S THE **TRAFFIC OFFICER!**

WOW! NATCH, DID YA HEAR **THAT?** I DON'T HAVE TO BE **DOG CATCHER!**



SO... HEY, KEEN, HEY! EVEN IF I **CAN'T** RIDE A **MURDERCYCLE**, BEIN' A **TRAFFIC COP** IS BETTER'N **DOG CATCHER!**... AN' **YOU** WERE ELECTED **JUDGE**, NATCH! EVERYTHIN' IS REALLY **GEORGE**, HUH?

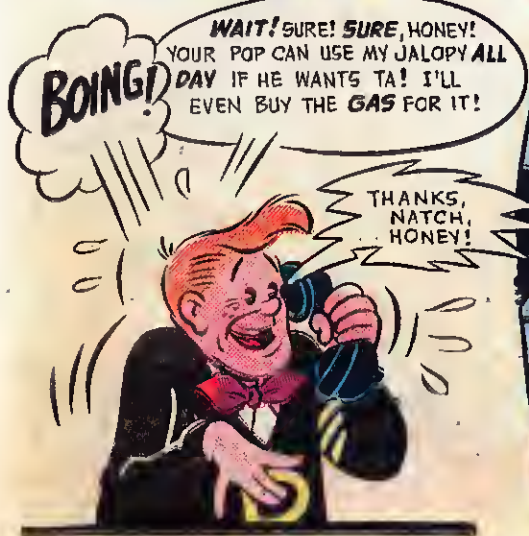
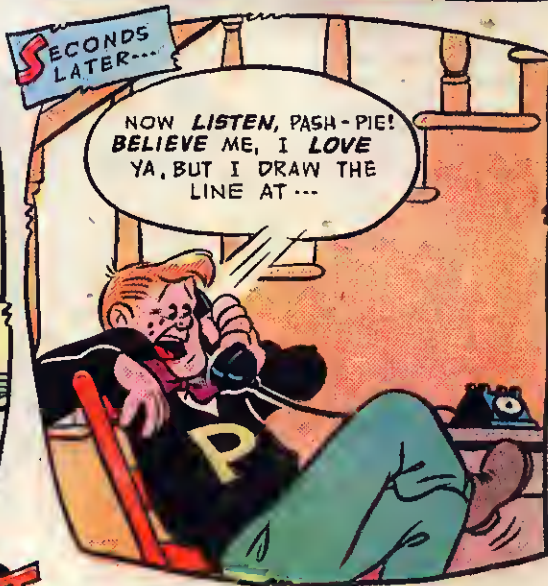
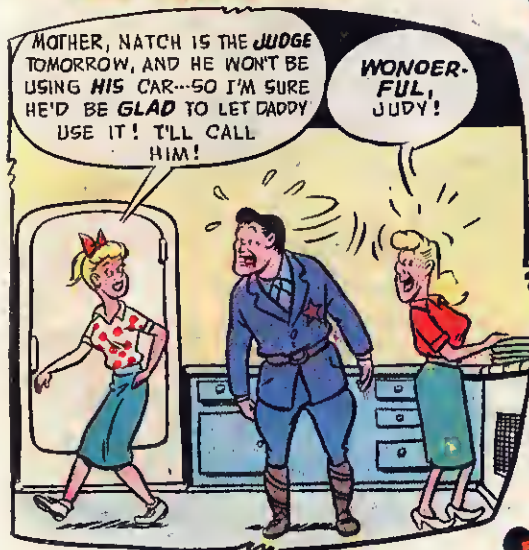
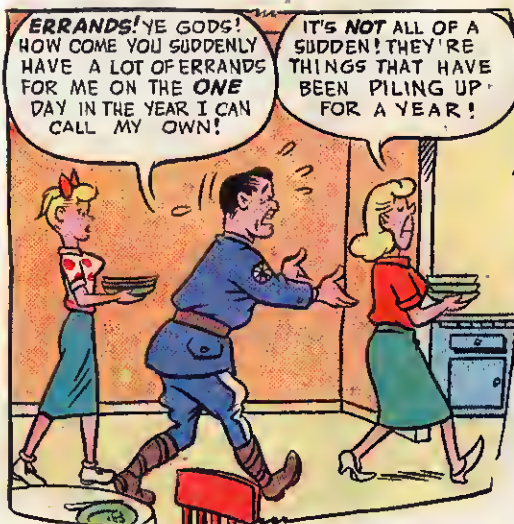
YOU KIDDIN'? WO'DDA I CARE ABOUT BEIN' A **JUDGE** FOR ONE DAY, WHEN I'VE JUST LOST THE RIGHT TO **RUN** MY **ROD!**



LATER THAT EVENING, AT JUDY'S HOME...

WELL, NO WORK TOMORROW! IT'S THE DAY THE KIDS TAKE OVER THE CITY, SO AFTER SUPPER, I'M GONNA CALL THE **JUDGE** AND SEE IF HE'D LIKE TO GO **FISHIN'!**

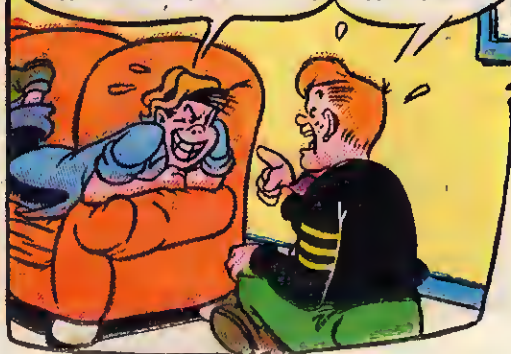
MIKE FARRELL, YOU CAN GET **THAT** IDEA OUT OF YOUR HEAD **RIGHT NOW!** I'VE GOT A LOT OF **ER-RANDS** I WANT YOU TO **RUN** FOR ME TOMORROW!



AND LATER STILL, AT JACKSON'S---

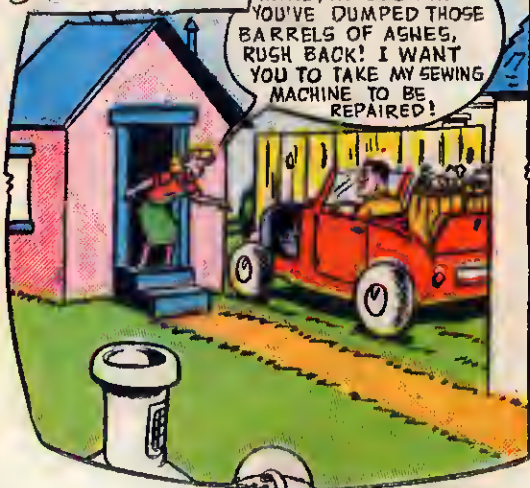
YEAH, YEAH, I DIG YA, NATCH! SURE!...I'LL DO IT! WHAT THE HEY, I CAN'T RIDE A 'CYCLE ANYWAY, AND *BESIDES*, BEIN' A JUDGE WOULD REALLY MAKE ME A B.T.O!

OKAY, FUNNY MAN, THEN IT'S SETTLED! --- SEE YA TOMORROW!



SO, THE NEXT DAY---

MIKE, AS SOON AS YOU'VE DUMPED THOSE BARRELS OF ASHES, RUSH BACK! I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY SEWING MACHINE TO BE REPAIRED!



HM! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D BE *DRIVIN'* THIS THING INSTEAD OF *CHASIN'* IT! JUST GOES TO ---

AWRIGHT, PULL OVER!

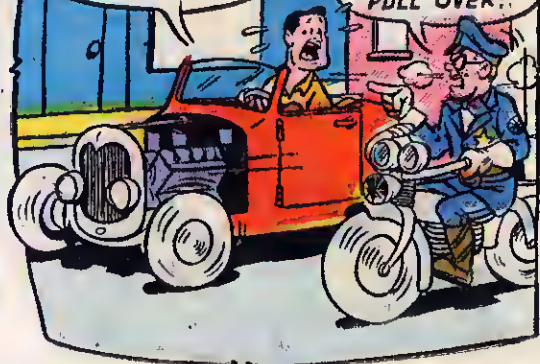


PULL OV---

NATCH KILROY!

WERE YOU EXPECTING MAYBE MILTON BERLEZ?

NOW C'MON, PULL OVER!



SAY, WHAT IS THIS?? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY CYCLES? I THOUGHT JACKSON WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE MY JOB!

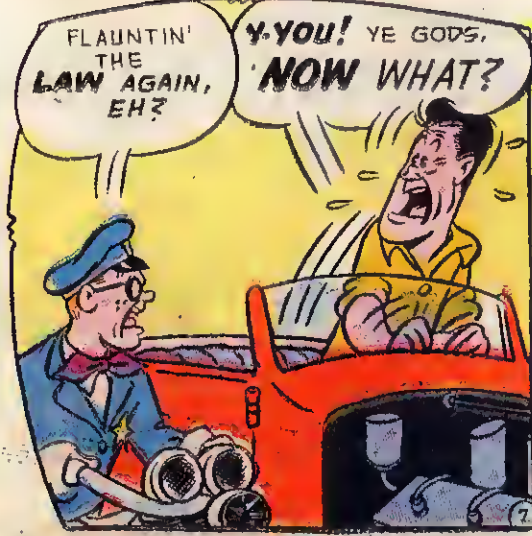
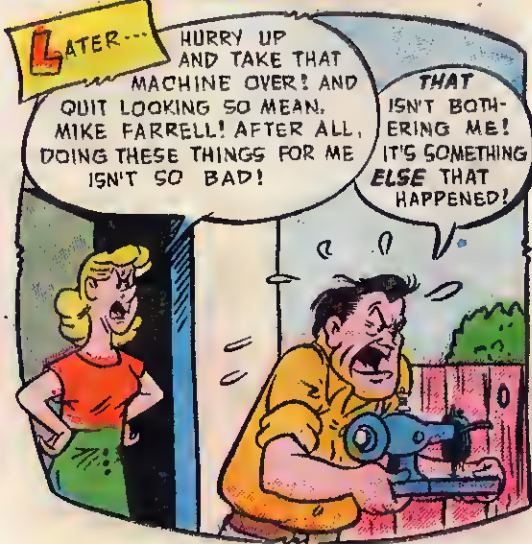
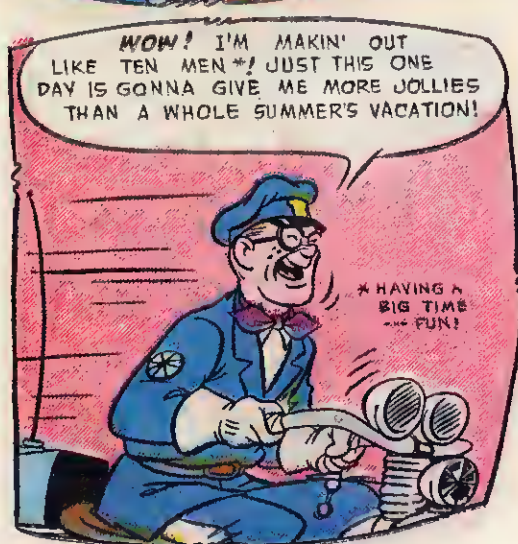
HE COULDN'T RIDE THIS ROD, SO WE SWAPPED JOBS!



OKAY, SO YOU SWAPPED JOBS! SO WHAZZA BIG IDEA OF TELLIN' ME TO PULL OVER?

YOU'RE BREAK-IN' THE LAW, MEATHEAD! CODE 23 SAYS ALL VEHICLES MUST HAVE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS!





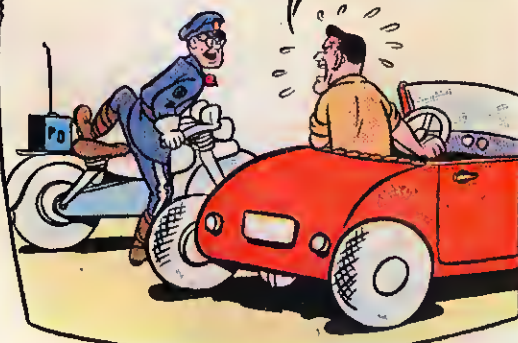
YOU'RE TOOLIN' THIS GOW-
JOB AROUND **WITHOUT**
FENDERS, BUSTER, AND
WHAT'S **MORE**, YOU HAVE-
N'T GOT CHAINS OR A
SHOVEL IN IT AS RE-
QUIRED BY LAW! SO BUY
'EM NOW, **OR ELSE!**

I WON'T! I WON'T!
THIS IS PERSECUTION!
I DEMAND MY
DAY IN COURT!



OKAY! HEAD FOR
THE CITY HALL
AND TELL IT TO
THE JUDGE!

GLADLY! I CAN PROVE
THIS IS NOTHING BUT
A **VENGEANCE PLOT**,
NATCH KILROY!

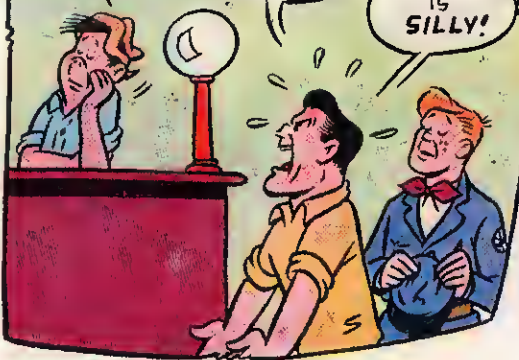


So...

NOW DOES
THE DEFENDANT
PLEAD TO THE OF-
FICER'S CHARGES?

NOT
GUILTY,
YOUR
HONOR!

THIS
IS
SILLY!



ON
WHAT
GROUNDS?

THE 'LAWS ARE
ANTIQUATED! THEY
WERE MEANT TO APPLY
TO AUTOMOBILES IN 1908!
THEY AREN'T EVEN
ENFORCED ANY
MORE!

IS THAT
TRUE, OFFICER
KILROY?



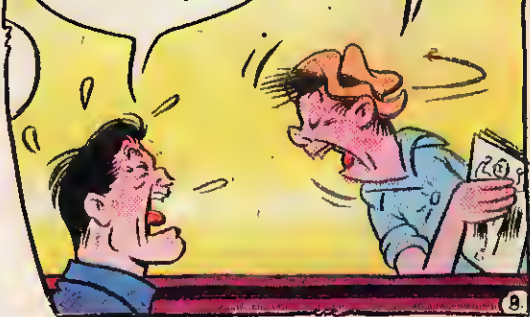
NO!
HE ENFORCES
THEM ON **ME**.
WHEN **HE'S** THE
COP, YOUR
HONOR!

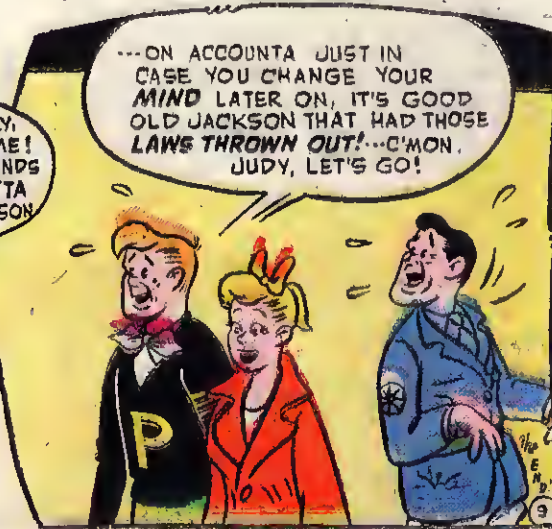
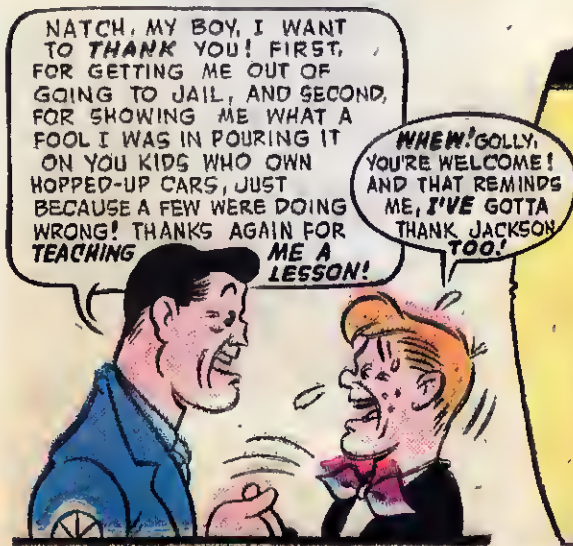
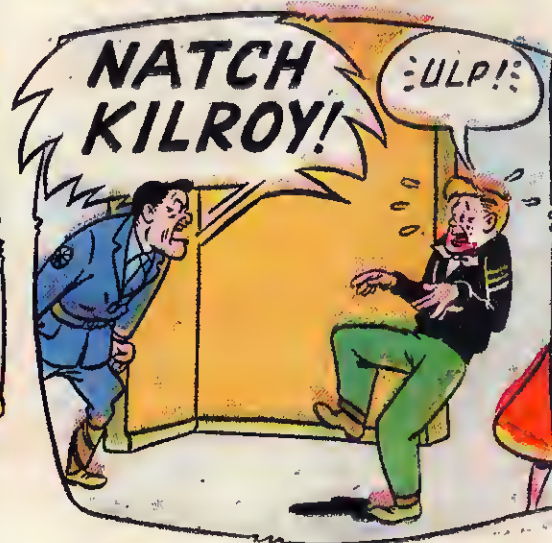
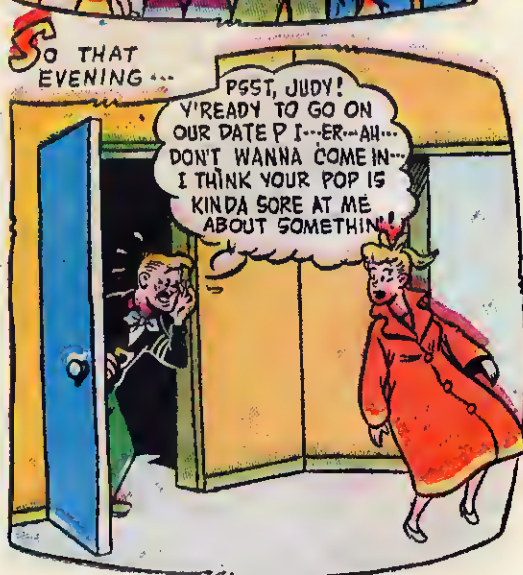
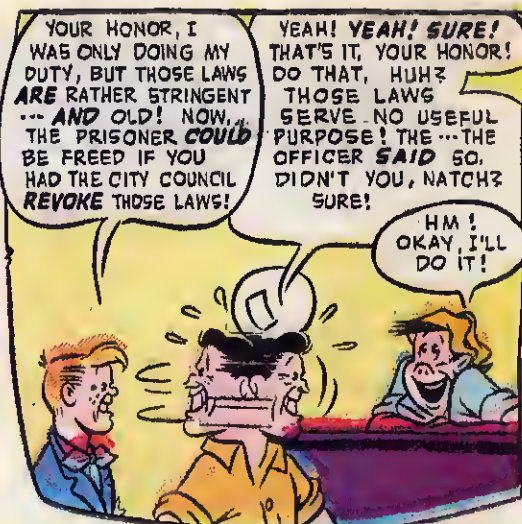
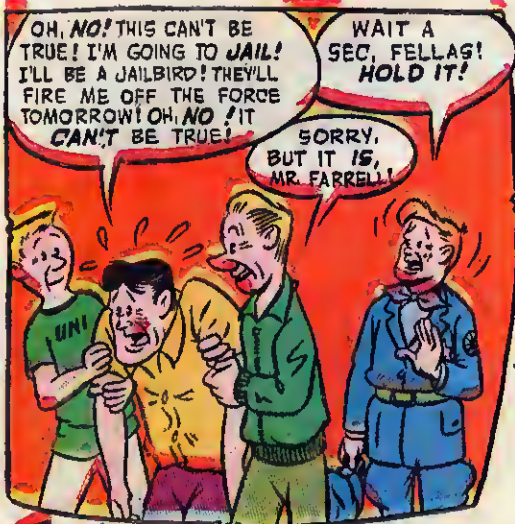
GUILTY!
THE DEFENDANT WILL
PUT FENDERS ON THE VEHICLE
IMMEDIATELY, AND ALSO DO
ALL THE RESTA THAT JAZZ
HE'S SUPPOSED TA!



SPEND 100 BUCKS
ON THIS---THIS REEL'S
CAR?? --- **NO!**
NEVER! I
WON'T DO
IT!

WON'T, HUH?
OKAY,
30 DAYS!
---LOCK 'IM UP,
BOYS!





A WOMAN SPURNED!

ROBIN SURVEYED HER reflection in the mirror slowly and with extreme satisfaction. From head to toe, she examined the pretty teen-ager in the mirror, and was especially satisfied when she came to the toe part.

For there, on her feet at last, were the first high-heeled shoes she had ever owned!

"They're quite sophisticated!" Robin commented to her mother. "Exactly my type!" She tried to look bored, as befits a girl who has suddenly gained a delightfully tall, willowy feeling. "I hope there'll be some decent men at the party!"

"I'm sure you'll have a grand time, dear," her mother smiled, understanding Robin's sudden aloofness and grown-up manner. "Run along and if the shoes hurt, you can come home for a pair of flats!"

"Come home! Change my shoes! Never!" Robin said to herself as she walked to Helen's house, taking unusually small, careful steps and listening to the unaccustomed click of her heels on the pavement. "I just hope Dexter Johnson is there, that's all!"

This was tinged with a touch of bitterness. Dexter Johnson was simply gorgeous and thoroughly attractive and dreamy...but he'd never so much as glanced at Robin. "He didn't notice me

when I was a *child*," Robin thought, thinking of her saddle-shoe days, "and now that I'm grownup and glamorous, I won't notice *him*!"

She took great pleasure in imagining the scene. She would drift into Helen's living room, her feet twinkling in their high heels, an invisible cloud of glamor enveloping her. The men would look up and be overcome...particularly Dexter! They would cluster around her and she would be gracious and charming to all of them...except Dexter! She would make him suffer, as he had made her suffer!

The scene was exactly as she had pictured it. Lifting her chin, Robin advanced into the living room. "Look out!" Helen cried.

But the warning came too late. A glamorous high heel caught in the fringe bordering the rug and Robin, feeling ghastly, fell forward...right into someone's arms!

"Say, you're cute! What's more, I never knew you cared!"

"I *don't*!" Robin denied the accusation angrily, and then blushed. Dexter...Dexter Johnson was holding her in his arms and *definitely* noticing her! Now was her chance to spurn him...to make him suffer!

"Dance?" Dexter asked.

"Love to!" Robin smiled happily. High heels were *terrific*!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE KILROYS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

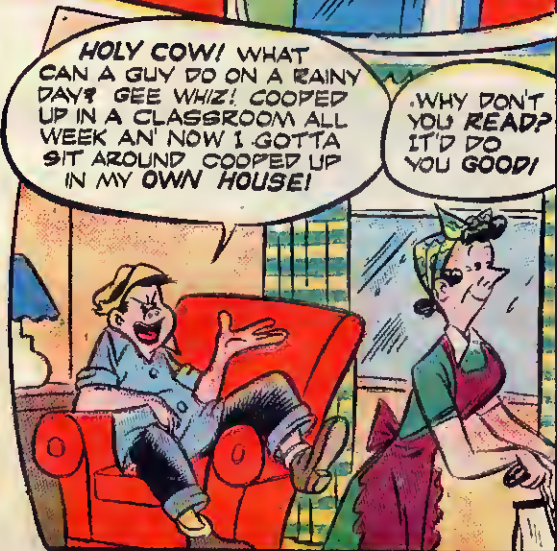
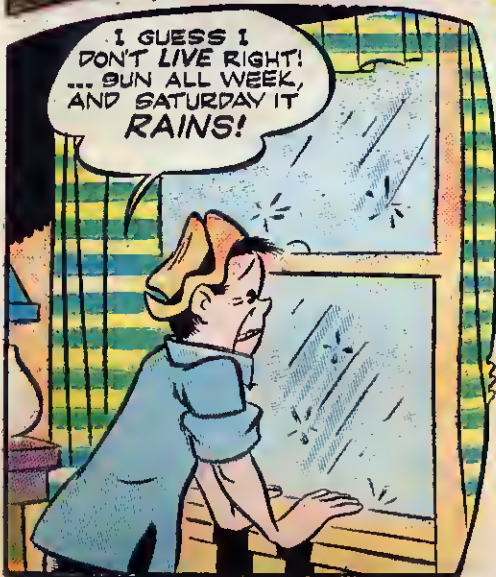
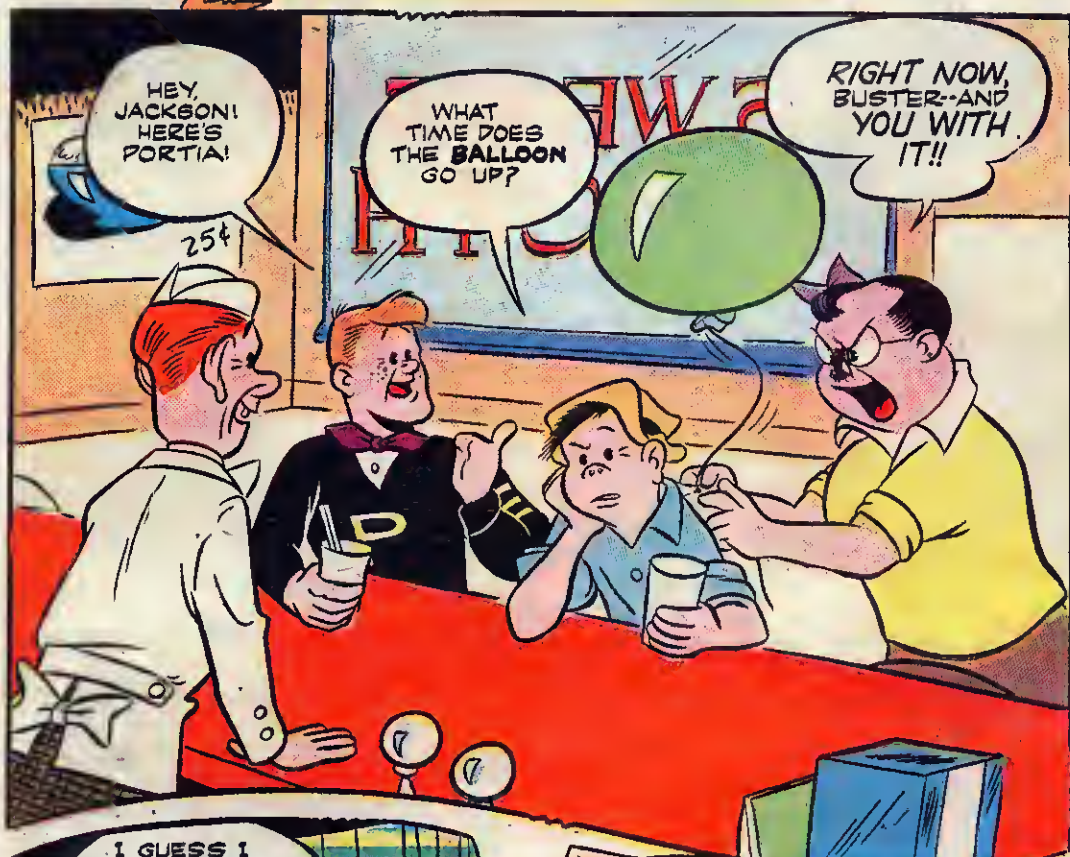
(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nai C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

SOLID JACKSON

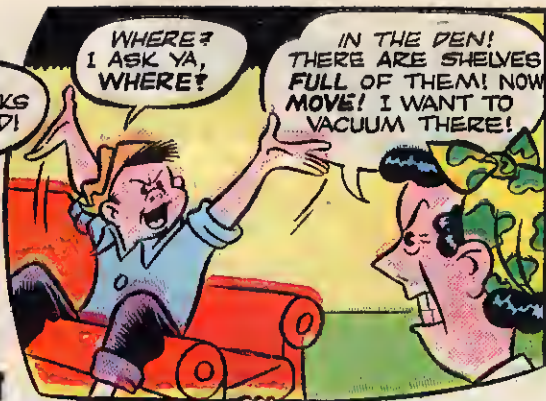
in

"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY!"



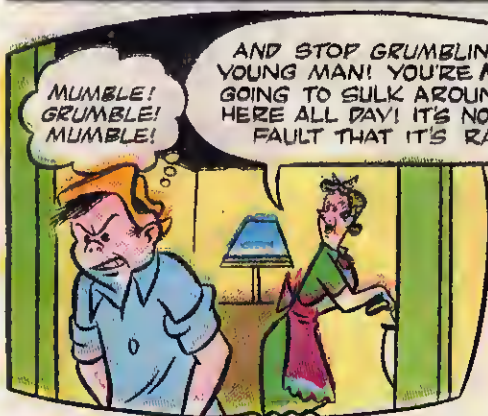
WOT'LL I READ?
WOT'LL I READ?
HOLY HEP! I'VE
READ
EVERYTHING
AROUND HERE!

THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!
YOUR FATHER HAS
MANY, MANY BOOKS
YOU HAVEN'T READ!



WHERE?
I ASK YA,
WHERE?

IN THE DEN!
THERE ARE SHELVES
FULL OF THEM! NOW
MOVE! I WANT TO
VACUUM THERE!



MUMBLE!
GRUMBLE!
MUMBLE!

AND STOP GRUMBLING.
YOUNG MAN! YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO SULK AROUND
HERE ALL DAY! IT'S NOBODY'S
FAULT THAT IT'S RAINING!

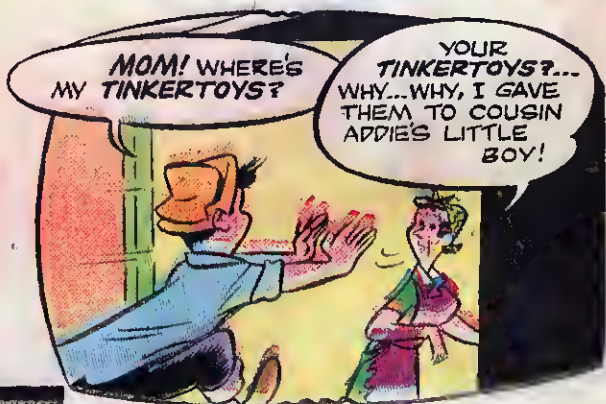


YEAH! KEEN BOOKS! REAL
KEEN BOOKS! "BUSINESS ANALYSIS
OF 1923", "MOTHER MORGAN'S ORPHAN
CHILD", "THE ART OF HEADSTONE
CARVING"... YESSIR! REAL GONE
BOOKS... FOR
STARTING
FIRES, THAT
IS!!



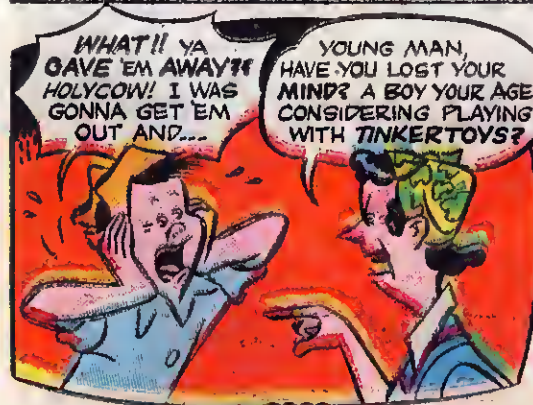
HEY! I KNOW WHAT I
CAN DO!!

SNAP



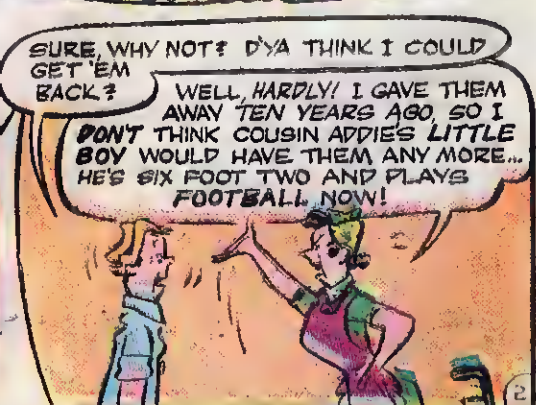
MOM! WHERE'S
MY TINKERTOYS?

YOUR
TINKERTOYS?...
WHY...WHY, I GAVE
THEM TO COUSIN
ADDIE'S LITTLE
BOY!



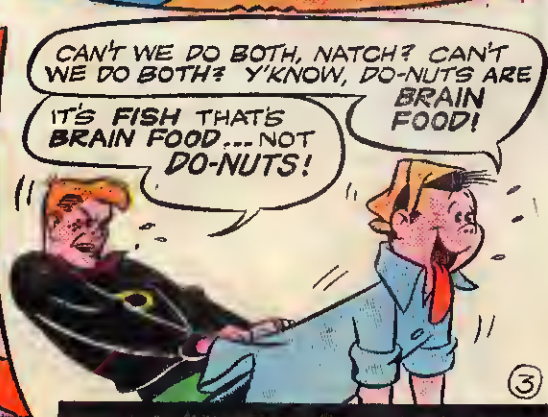
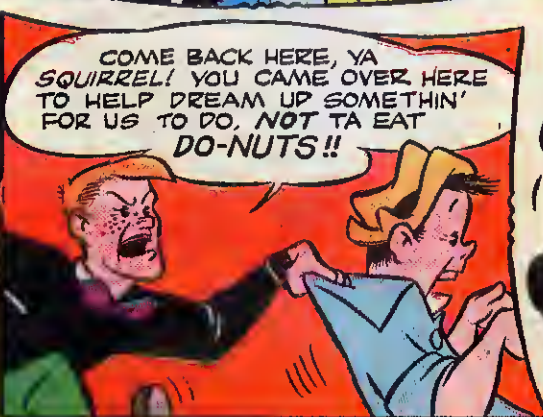
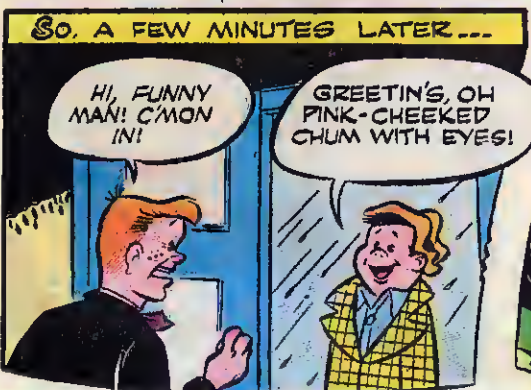
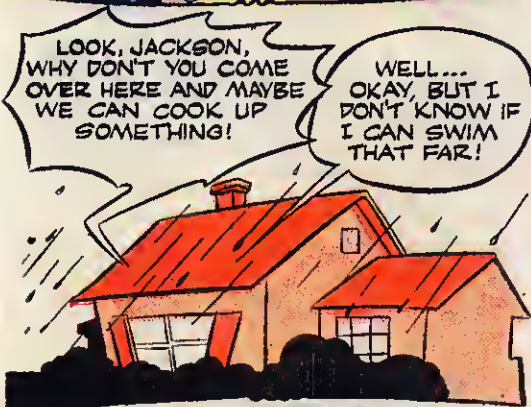
WHAT!! YA
GAVE 'EM AWAY!!
HOLY COW! I WAS
GONNA GET 'EM
OUT AND...

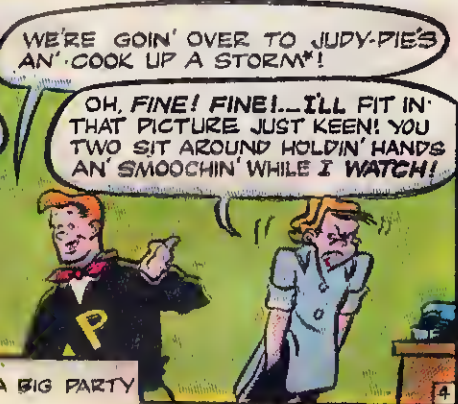
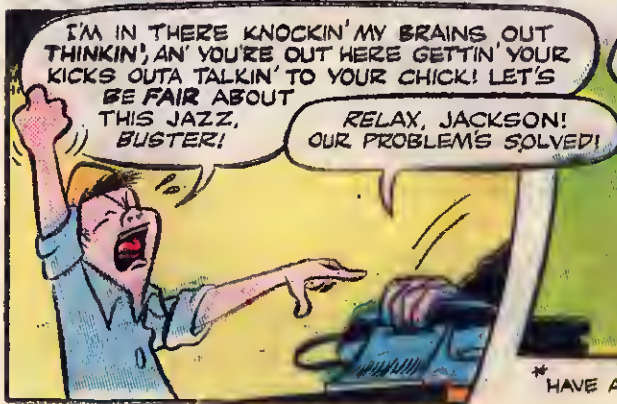
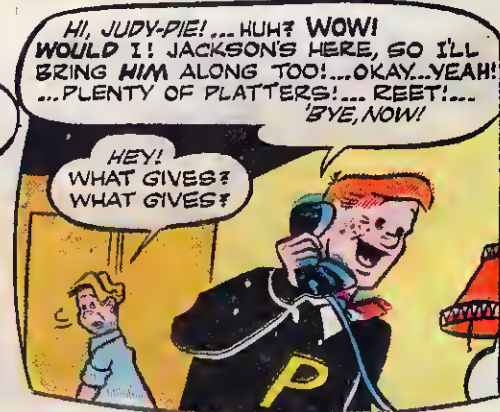
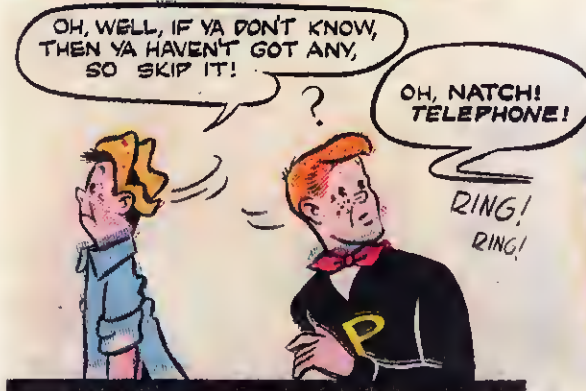
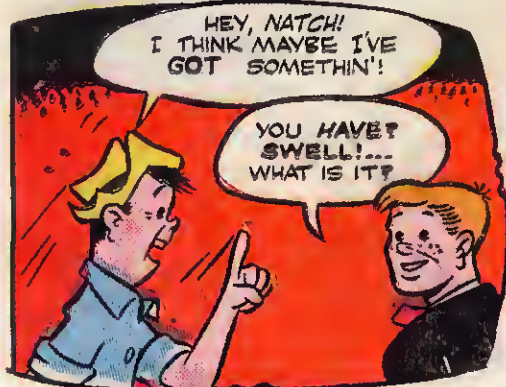
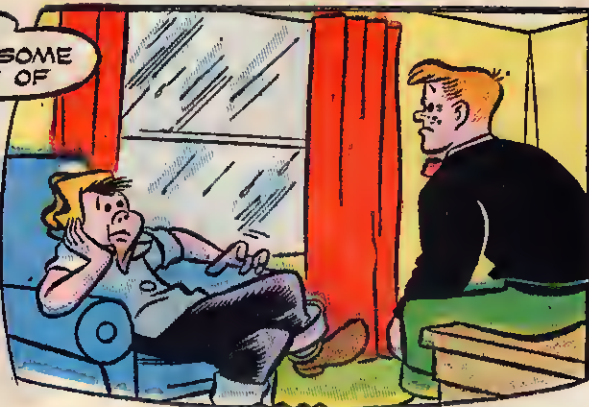
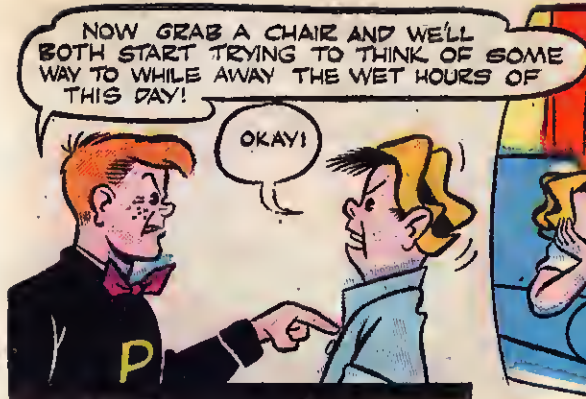
YOUNG MAN,
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR
MIND? A BOY YOUR AGE
CONSIDERING PLAYING
WITH TINKERTOYS?

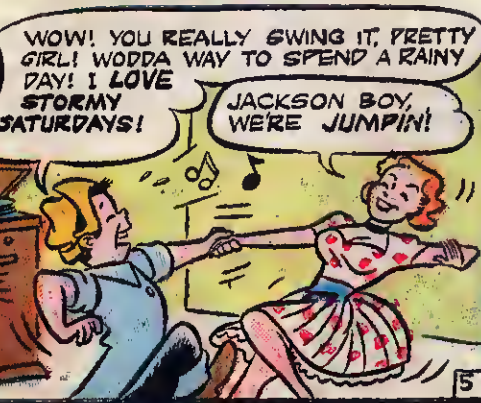
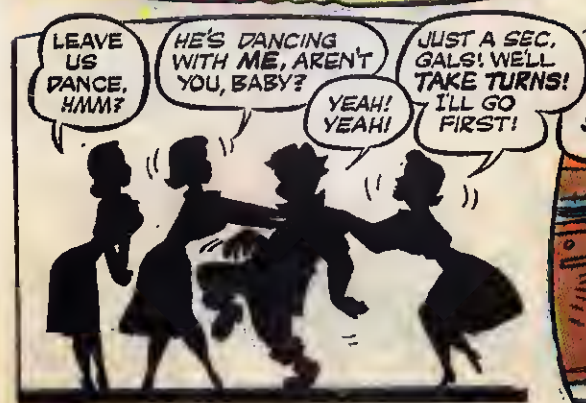
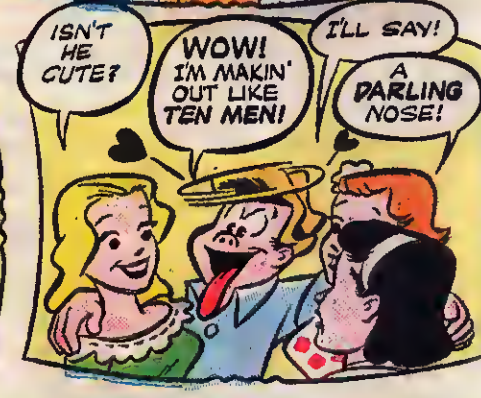
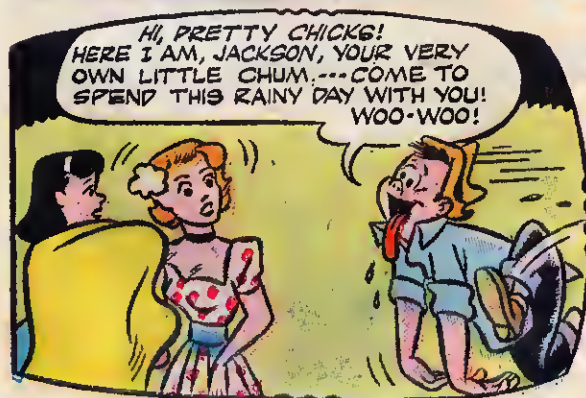
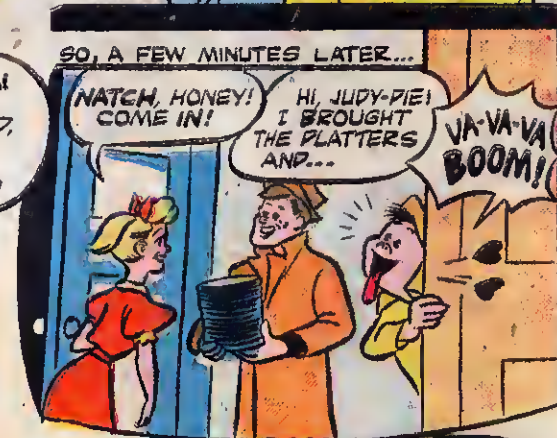
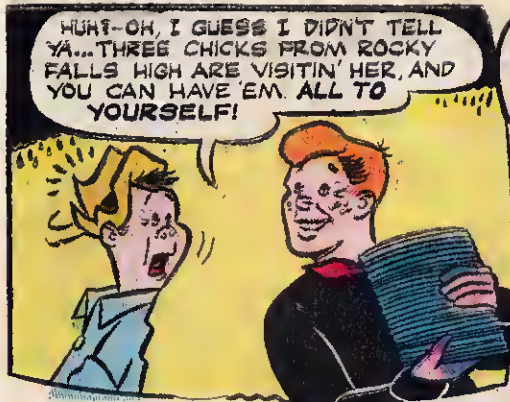


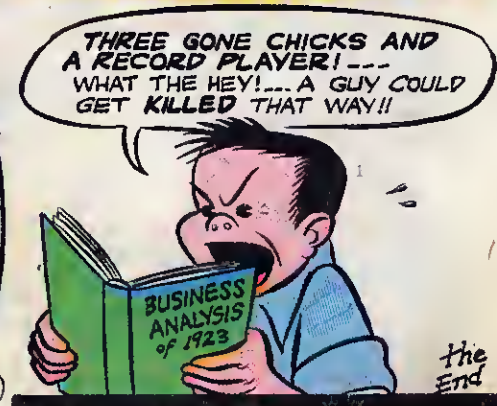
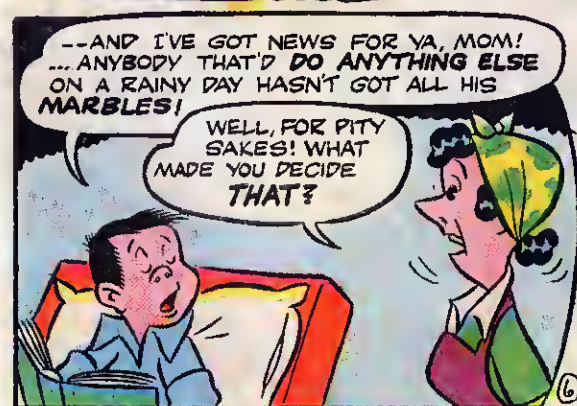
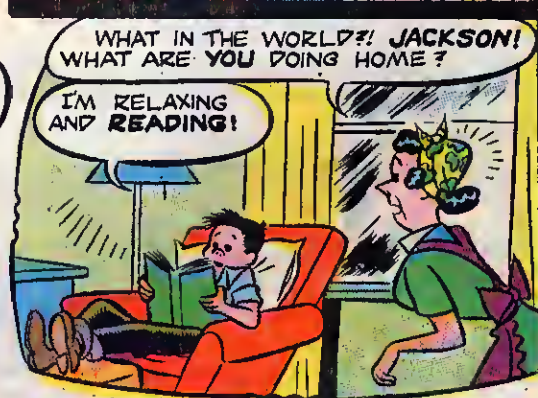
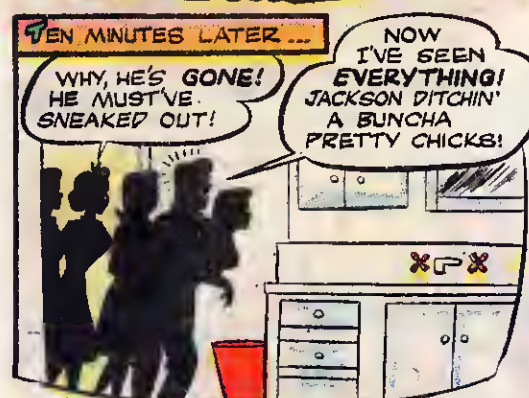
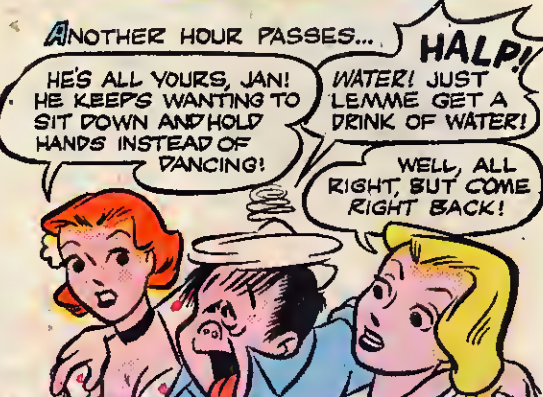
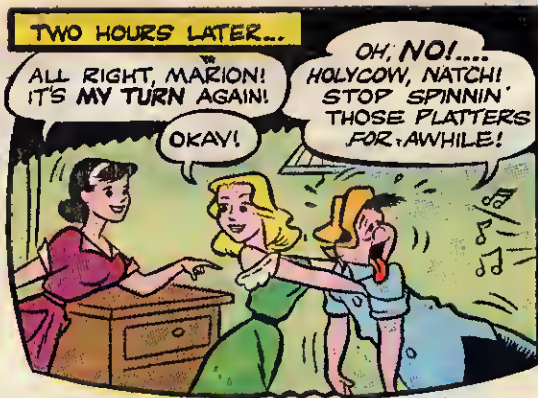
SURE, WHY NOT? D'YA THINK I COULD
GET 'EM
BACK?

WELL, HARDLY! I GAVE THEM
AWAY TEN YEARS AGO, SO I
DONT THINK COUSIN ADDIES LITTLE
BOY WOULD HAVE THEM ANY MORE...
HE'S SIX FOOT TWO AND PLAYS
FOOTBALL NOW!





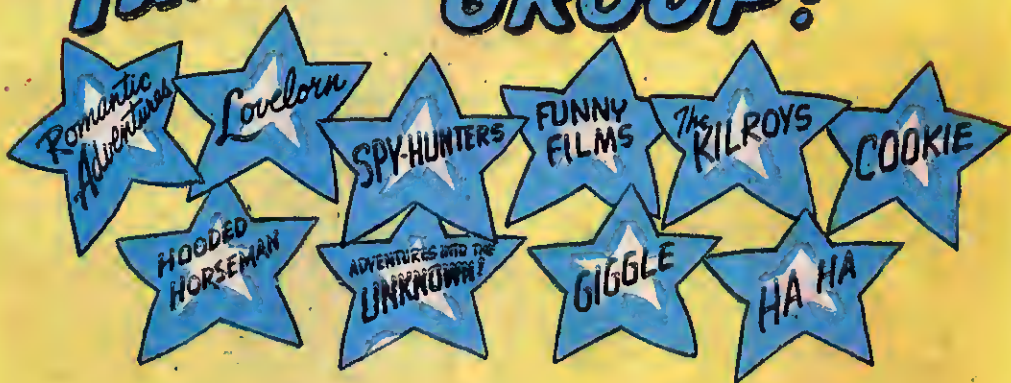




For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!

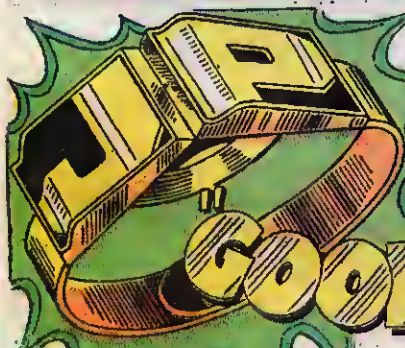


They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
..REGULARLY..

Read **AMERICAN!**



BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

Get this

**24 K GOLD-PLATED
"GOOD LUCK" RING**

with YOUR OWN INITIALS!

BIG!
AMAZING VALUE!
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

MASSIVE!
EVERY RING MADE TO ORDER!!

**FITS ANY
FINGER!**
LIMITED SUPPLY!
HURRY!

GLEAMING

EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!

Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gold-plated ring with your own initials in massive letters! And what a value—only 25¢, plus front panel of any Smith Bros. box. Limited supply—hurry!

ONLY 25¢
WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to SMITH BROTHERS,
Box 424, Providence, R. I.

I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT WITH PENCIL)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Initials for Ring _____ (FIRST) _____ (LAST)

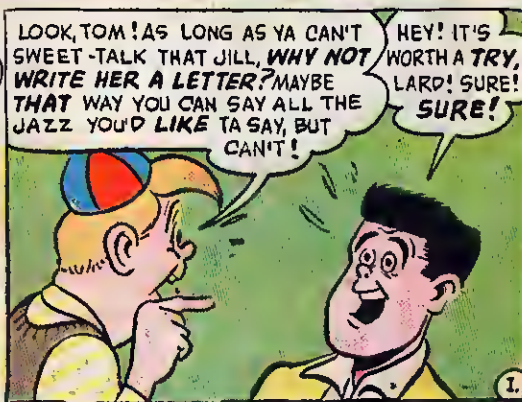
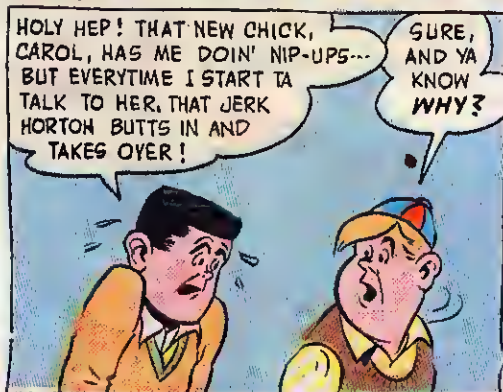
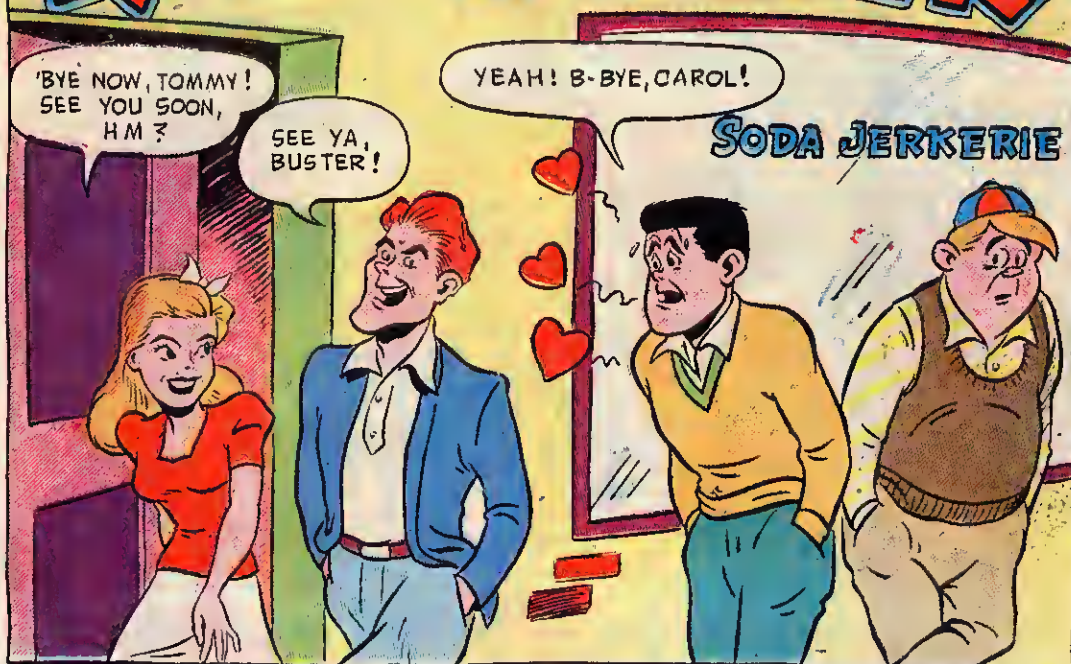
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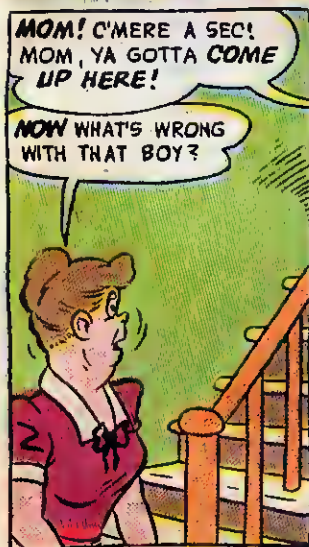
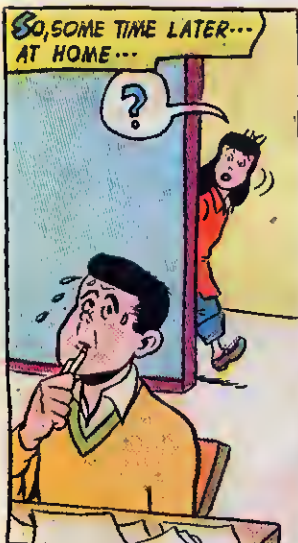


AND THE BEST
TASTING
COUGH DROPS,
TOO!



KID SISTER



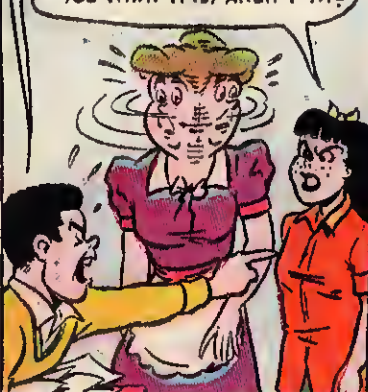


HE'S JUST MAD 'CUZZ HE'S WRITING SOMETHIN' **SECRET**, MOTHER! SOMETHIN' HE **SHOULDN'T**, AND HE'S AFRAID I'M GONNA SEE WHAT IT IS!



THIS IS MY ROOM, AND WHAT I DO IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

IT'S **MOTHER'S**, ISN'T IT, MOM? YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIM SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS, AREN'T YA?



I MOST CERTAINLY AM **NOT**! YOUR BROTHER HAS A PERFECT RIGHT TO PRIVACY BOTH IN HIS **ROOM** AND IN WHATEVER HE **WRITES**! I'M **SURE** IT'S NOT A **RANSOM** NOTE OR **BLACK HAND** THREAT... NOW, SISTER, LEAVE HIS ROOM!



I'LL BET IT'S **MUSH STUFF**, MOTHER! HOW ABOUT **THAT**? I'LL BETCHA **ANYTHING** IT'S THAT LOVE AND KISSES JUNK!



WELL, IF IT IS, IT'S NONE OF **OUR** BUSINESS!

HA! SO LONG, FISH-FACE!



HOLY HEP! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' FOR TWO HOURS TA WRITE SOMETHIN' KEEN, AND **NOW**, AFTER THAT **RHUBARB**, I CAN'T THINK OF A THING! I'D BETTER QUIT FOR AWHILE!



S'HELP ME! THE TWO MOST **DANGEROUS THINGS** IN THE WORLD ARE THE **ATOM BOMB** AND MY **KID SISTER**!



NOW TA SEE WHAT **DOUBLE-UGLY** WAS WRITIN'!



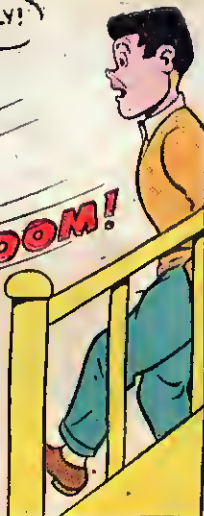
WOW! THIS IS **RICH**! WAIT'LL THE **GALS** SEE THIS... HEY, THE **WASTE BASKET'S** FULL TOO! ...I HIT THE **JACKPOT**!



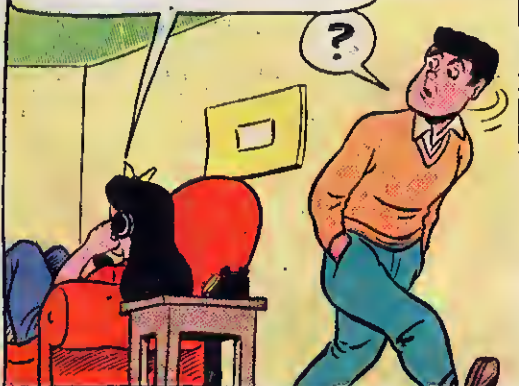
OUT O' MY WAY, DOUBLE-UGLY!
I GOTTA MAKE WITH THE
AMECHE!



ZOOM!



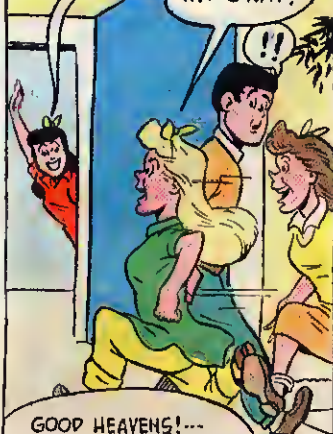
HI, AGGIE? AGGIE, LISTEN! ...I'VE GOT SOME-
THING REALLY **SENSASHE** TO SHOW YOU! YEAH,
GET THE OTHER KIDS AND COME OVER, HUH? NO
...I CAN'T TELL YA! ...IT'S **TERRIF!** I MEAN,
SIMPLY GEORGE! OKAY, SEE YA!



MINUTES LATER...

**HI, CATS! C'MON IN HERE IN
THE DEN!**

HI! OKAY!



GOOD HEAVENS! ...
YOUNG MAN, STOP THAT
RIGHT NOW! YOU'VE CARRIED
THIS FEUD TOO FAR! NOW
LEAVE **IMMEDIATELY!**

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL **LEAVE!**
AND MAYBE I'LL **NEVER**
COME BACK, EITHER!



HA! LISTEN TO **THIS ONE!** CAROL,
DARLING! MY HEART CRIES FOR
YOU! ...**WODDA CORNBALL!**

AND DIG **THIS!** "HOW ABOUT
GOIN' STEADY WITH ME? I'M
MAD FOR YA!"

HA!
HO!

MY LETTERS!



OPEN THAT DOOR! YA HEAR?
OPEN THAT DOOR OR I'LL
BREAK IT DOWN!

**HALP!
MOTNER!**

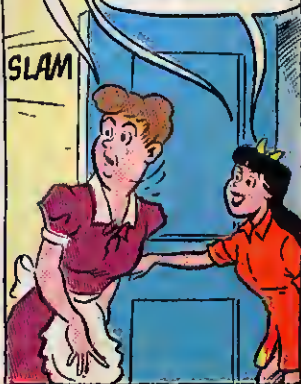


GOLLY, NO! HONEST, ALL I
DID WAS TAKE THE ONES
IN HIS **WASTE BASKET!**
HE NEVER **FINISHED** HIS
LETTER!

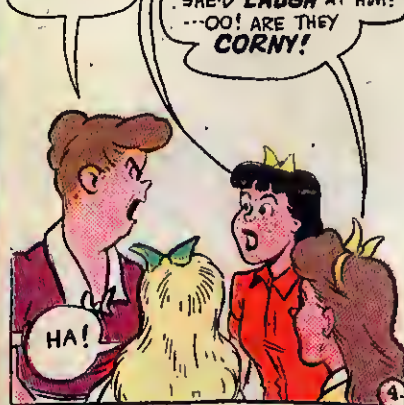
GOOD THING, TOO! ANY
GAL GOT ONE OF **THESE,**
SHE'D **LAUGH** AT HIM!
...OO! ARE THEY
CORNY!

? HI, MOM! DID HE LEAVE?
...BOY! IS HE STRICKLY
FROM **HUNGER!**

HE WRITES THE
SILLIEST THINGS!



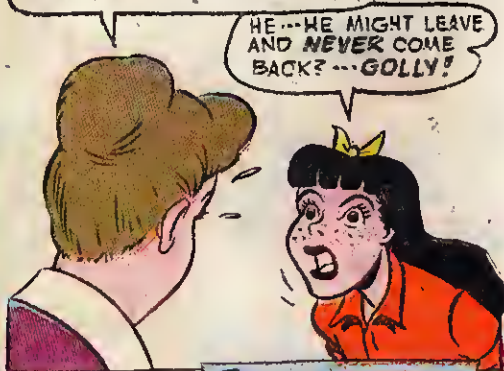
DON'T TELL
ME YOU
GIRLS STOLE
HIS
LETTER!



DO YOU GIRLS REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE **DONE**? WELL, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU! THAT GIRL PROBABLY MEANS **EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD** TO TOM, AND YOU'VE HUMILIATED HIM! IT MAY BE FUNNY TO YOU, BUT TO HIM IT'S **SERIOUS**!



NO DOUBT YOU **ALL** HAVE BOY FRIENDS, SO HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF EVERYBODY READ THE NOTES THEY SENT TO YOU? YOU **WOULDN'T**! ...NOW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID? HE SAID HE MIGHT **NEVER COME BACK**...AND IF HE DIDN'T, I COULDN'T BLAME HIM!

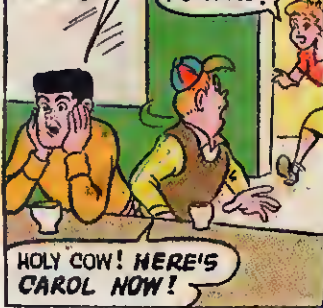


SOMETIME LATER...

AND THAT'S IT, LARD! WHEN MY KID SISTER AND HER DRAGON FRIENDS BANDY MY LETTERS AROUND, CAROL'S GONNA HATE ME! WISH I WAS DEAD!

AGG?

TOM!
TOMMY POWERS!



TOMMY! TOMMY, MY PASH PIE! YOU'RE NOTE WAS **WONDERFUL**! I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED YOU TO HORTON, BUT YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO ME! BUT **NOW, NOW! OO!** THE THINGS YOU SAID IN YOUR NOTE ...AND I'LL BE GLAD TO GO WITH YOU **STEADY, TOO!**

NOTE? SAID?
HUH?



AND LATER STILL...

DOUBLE-UGLY! YOU'RE HOME! YOU...YOU DIDN'T LEAVE AFTER ALL!

LEAVE? LEAVE? WHO WANTS TO LEAVE WHEN THEY'RE GOIN' **STEADY** WITH AN **ANGEL**? WOO-WOO! THAT CAROL!



GOIN' **STEADY**? GOLLY, MAYBE MY NOTE TO HER DID SOME **GOOD** THEN!

WHAT!!!?
YOU WROTE THAT NOTE?



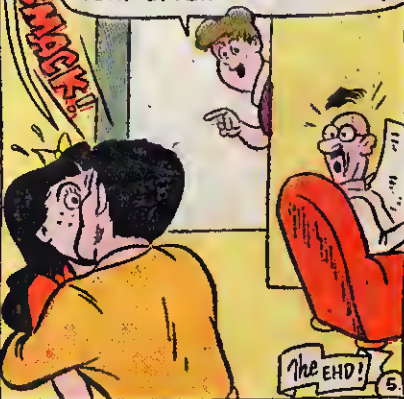
HOLY COW! DON'T BE MAD, ALL I WAS TRYIN' TA DO WAS HELP! WHATCHA GONNA DO, SLUG ME?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU!



THIS! YOU'RE THE KEENEST KID SISTER IN THE WORLD!

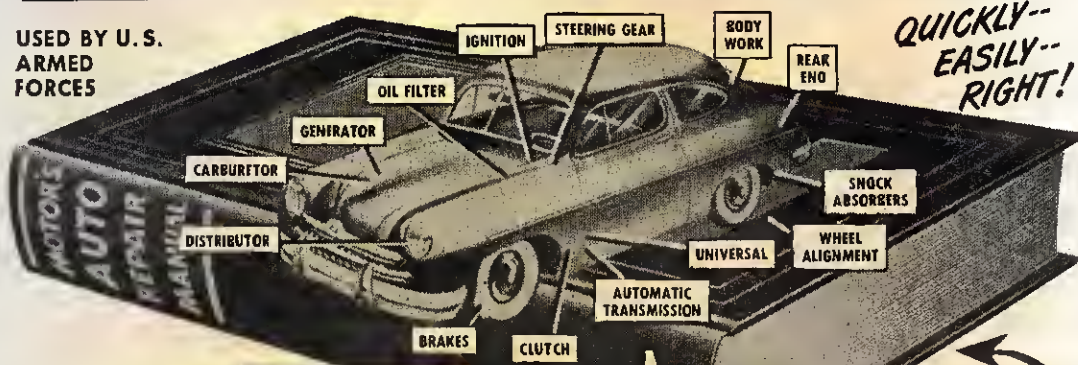
POP, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THOSE TWO! YOU DON'T SEE IT VERY OFTEN AROUND HERE!



The END! 5

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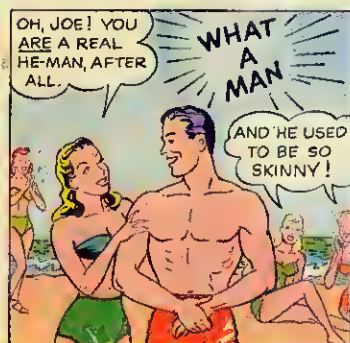
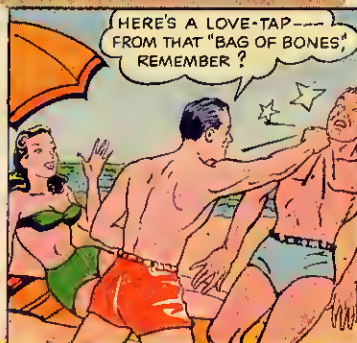
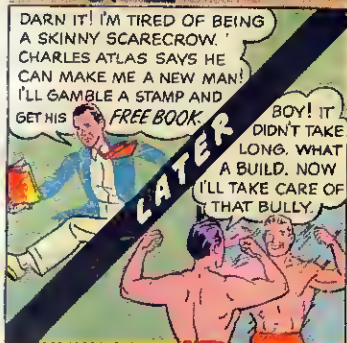
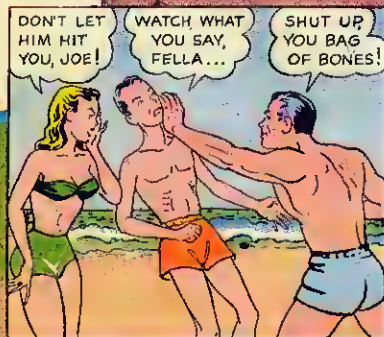
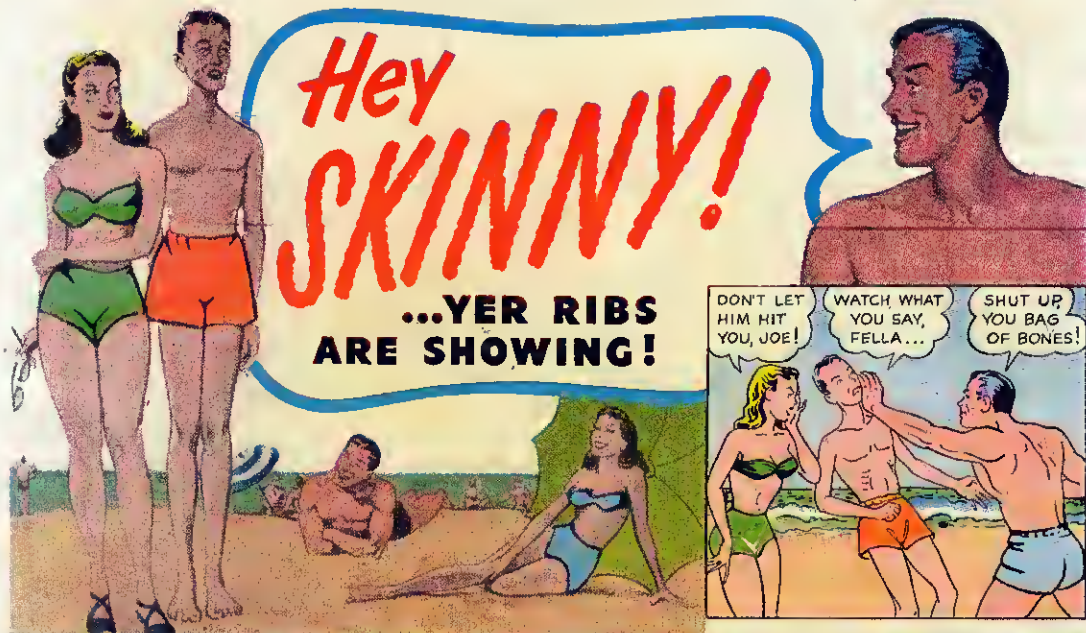
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